

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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## AN OLD FRIEND LEAVES THE ZOO

### SANDY PASSES

#### AN OLD FRIEND OF REGENT'S PARK

#### The Grand Old Man of the Orang-utans at the Zoo

#### EXCITEMENTS OF HIS CAREER

By Our Natural Historian

There is mourning in the great apes' house at the Zoo. Sandy, the giant orang-utan, is dead. It is supposed that he was 27 years old, for, captured when about three, he spent eight years in the Zoo at Singapore, and was then transferred to London 16 years ago.

Sandy was a great character. In common with all his tribe, which have their home in the trees of Borneo and Sumatra, where they are called the wild men of the woods, he was sluggish in his movements, but he had great reserves of strength, and unsuspected guile lurked behind the vacant stare that marked his grim features.

#### Sandy Escapes from His Cage

Until a few years ago a second orang, Jacob, occupied the cage adjoining Sandy's, and observation showed that he had the more alert mind of the two. Sandy could originate, but Jacob could improve and better Sandy's plans.

For example, Sandy one day loosened and tore off a large piece of the steel wire of his den, and passed it between the bars to Jacob. Thereupon Jacob, as the practical ape, twisted the wire into a lever, and used it with extraordinary skill to break through the roof of his cage, to escape, force out the glass of a window and spend a night in the grounds.

It took Sandy seven years longer to plot a break-out himself, but he succeeded at last, and had the run of the building in which all the indoor apes are. But he did not break a window, and bolt as Jacob had done.

Jacob could count up to five, and used that number of straws to collect water from a trough. Sandy never learned to count, yet he was boy-like in a way that Jacob never was.

#### Apes Suffer from Human Ills

One day Mansbridge, his keeper, went into the cage to give Sandy a banana. Sandy ignored the fruit, sprang at the open door, hooked himself upon it with all four "hands," and swung to and fro with dreamy ecstasy.

Mansbridge pretended to be very cross at being thus slighted, and playfully cuffed Sandy. The ape awoke to his neglect of his friend, put a long arm round his neck and solemnly hugged him.

Sandy was really like a loutish, uncivilised youth, with a frightful temper well concealed, and a rough, sportive humour. No other orang has ever lived so long in captivity as he.

Chest trouble was the cause of Sandy's death. The apes suffer from purely human ill, and doubtless the long spell of easterly winds hastened the death of our old friend. E. A. B.

### A Warship Helps a Peace Ship



Forty ships were frozen in the Baltic the other day and were unable to make their way out until this warship, in reply to a S.O.S., went to the rescue, and, acting as an ice-breaker, forced a way through the ice, so that the peace ships could escape. See page 9

### A FATHER LEAVES HIS COUNTRY

#### WHY A JAPANESE FAMILY GOES INTO EXILE

#### The Terrible Consequences of a Son's Ill Deed

#### HONOUR AND BANISHMENT

A famous and honourable gentleman in Japan retired the other day to his country house.

He left the capital in which he was a distinguished figure; he left the House of Representatives of which he was a popular member; he left all the things he most cared for in life; and he is burying himself in seclusion.

After some days he wrote to one of his daughters and told her she must leave her husband, and her husband's happy home, and come to him at once. He then assembled his family, and announced to them that they must all go into exile with him, that they must bid farewell for ever to beautiful Japan, and prepare themselves for a hard existence for the rest of their lives in Java.

The explanation of this doom, which none of the family questioned, reveals to us the tremendous difference between our way of thinking and the Japanese way of thinking.

#### A Loyal Citizen

The gentleman of whom we are writing has done nothing wrong. He is, on the contrary, a most loyal subject and a most patriotic citizen. For long generations his family has occupied a place of pride in the national life of Japan.

But one of his sons has committed a crime. It was this boy who not long ago attempted to assassinate the Prince Regent of Japan. Seething with a kind of political madness, he shot at the young prince as he was motoring from his palace to the Parliament House, and by that shot brought indelible shame on his father and on every member of his family.

The father has banished himself. Innocent and ashamed of his son, he feels that his honour is ruined, and that without honour it is impossible for him to breathe the air of Japan.

We may think him wrong; but all the same it does help to bring home to us the enormous part a high sense of honour can play in the life of a nation. The greatness of Japan is built more than anything else on the family, and the family is bound together by a reverence for even the least dictates of honour.

#### PHOTOGRAPHING WHALES

Some cinematograph pictures of whaling scenes that are now being shown in London were obtained in a very ingenious way.

The photographer had to follow the whale and the boat in pursuit as best he could, but the chief difficulty was to keep the camera steady. This was done by floating it in a bath of oil, so that it remained level as a ship's compass does.

### MR. JAMES BROWN OF HOLYROOD PALACE

THE present Government is doing some things which displace customs that have become unreal, and replacing them by what is in keeping with the spirit of modern times.

One of these acts of commonsense is the appointment of a commoner to be the Lord High Commissioner of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Why should it be necessary that the occupant of a religious office should be a lord? The Government proposal was that Mr. James Brown, M.P. for South Ayrshire, a miners' agent on the Ayrshire coalfield, should be the man, and this appointment was confirmed.

Everyone acknowledges that Mr. Brown is well fitted for the High Commissionership. He has been associated with the Church of Scotland, and a member of its Assembly, for many years. He knows the duties he will have to perform, and he commands universal respect. But he is not a lord. As High Commissioner he would act as the King's Deputy. It is a distinction he has fully deserved. If the sound Scottish

saying "A man's a man for a' that" is to hold good, it was felt that James Brown should not be debarred from service by lack of a title.

His appointment as deputy-lieutenant of the county of Ayrshire will give him temporarily the needed social standing desirable and a uniform suitable for the public display that is seen when the Assembly meets.

He will live in Holyrood Palace, and hold levees in the name of the King—a remarkable thing for a man who has always been living in a rather small house, and who began work in a mine at twelve. His wife, who was a mill girl, will be entitled Her Grace.

The first step Mr. Brown took in exercising his new dignity was to appoint as his chaplain his own minister, the Rev. George Johnstone, of the mining community of Annbank.

A vast majority of the British people will be glad to see a tradition of exclusion in favour of a small class broken down, and personal worth and fitness made the only tests of public honour.



## DUKE'S SON, COOK'S SON

### FAMOUS FAGS AT SCHOOL

Our Duchess M.P. and Her Ducal Cook

### THREE BOYS IN AN ETON STREET

Our Duchess M.P. has been telling us that domestic cares have no terrors for her, for, although she never learned cooking in her youth, she married a man who in an emergency would never be at a loss in the kitchen, but prides himself on his knowledge as a cook.

Now, the Duke of Atholl was a grown man before Boy Scouts came into existence, so he must have learned his cooking in other ways. He did. It was when he was at Eton, and had to cook meals for the senior boy to whom he owed allegiance as his fagmaster.

To some of us there is something offensive in the fagging system; it has led in the past to great cruelty and abuse by bullying boys, and to suffering and deep humiliation on the part of the younger lads. It will pass away as surely as the old system of slavery.

But the system is deeply rooted, and the boy from a gentle home must, and does, submit as cheerfully as the boy of less prosperous surroundings.

A memorable scene, a sort of Pilgrim's Progress of Illustrious Fags, is drawn for us by a witness who was at Eton rather before the Duke of Atholl's time.

Down the High Street at Eton, one fine morning early, three boys were making their way at speed. The first was carrying a dish of bacon and eggs from a tuckshop for the breakfast of his master, a lawyer's son. The bearer was the future Marquis of Waterford.

The second paused in his gallop to borrow fourpence with which to buy blotters for his fagmaster.

Last came a boy coursing wildly with the breeches of a country parson's boy under his arm, on the way to the tailor's to have a rent repaired.

And that boy, so agitated and ardent over his urgent mission, was Lord Rosebery, our future Prime Minister.

## TWO WOMEN AND THE COTTON TRADE

### A Great Strike Saved

It is always difficult to foretell what will happen in a dispute in the Lancashire cotton trade.

So many mill-owners have once been workers, and so many workers have shares in the mills, that employers and employed are more intimately connected and understand each other better than in almost any other trade. Yet disputes have a way of flaring up and flickering out in a most disconcerting manner.

The whole country understood that we were on the brink of a stoppage of almost the whole of the mills throughout Lancashire. Two women were dissatisfied with their pay for tending some new machinery, the mill-owner refused to increase it, and the women's fellow workers struck work, and the federated employers announced a general lock-out.

Happily, however, the threat has been withdrawn, and there is to be no strike.

A better way will be found of settling the grievances of two women than of upsetting one of our greatest industries.

## TWO FAILURES

### The Cottage and the Villa

The two most disastrous failures of modern architecture, said Lord Curzon, in opening the exhibition of the Royal Institution of British Architects, were the cottage and the villa.

Could anyone explain why it was that whereas cottages built 400 years ago, costing next to nothing, were among the most beautiful things in creation, they were being replaced by buildings which were an abomination of desolation?

## A FLYWHEEL BURSTS BATTLE BETWEEN TWO FORCES OF NATURE

How a Ton of Steel was Thrown Across a River

### EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT IN CHESHIRE

An extraordinary accident has occurred at an ironworks at Stalybridge, in Cheshire. A whirling flywheel has burst, and the fragments, running amok, have carried death and destruction all round over a wide area.

The flywheel was a giant measuring forty feet in diameter, and weighing several tons, and it was running at full speed when, without any previous warning, there was a terrific crash and the wheel broke up, badly damaging the building.

One fragment, weighing a ton, was hurled across the River Tame, and crashed into a packing warehouse a quarter of a mile away. It reduced a wagon loaded with coke to matchwood, killed one man, and injured ten others.

Another piece flying through the air struck a mill chimney, cracked it from top to bottom, and tore a great hole.

Such a bursting of a flywheel is not unprecedented, though it very rarely occurs, and it is due to the conflict between opposing forces of Nature. It has nothing to do with an explosion, although some grown-up papers have called the Stalybridge accident "an explosion" and "a flywheel bomb."

### One Force Overcomes Another

When the wheel is whirling round at a very great speed the tendency of every particle in the rim is to fly off in a straight line, and they are only prevented from doing so by the spokes pulling the rim towards the centre of the wheel. The force which would send the particles flying off is called centrifugal force—a bad name, because it means flying from the centre, and the tendency to fly off is not from the centre but in a tangent from the circumference. The force pulling to the centre is called centripetal force.

Now, in most cases the centripetal force, helped by cohesion, the force that holds the molecules of a solid substance tightly together, overcomes the centrifugal force. But where there is a flaw or some weakness in the metal of the rim, if the wheel goes at a great rate the centrifugal force may become more powerful than the centripetal force, owing to the weakness of the cohesion, and a fragment of the rim suddenly tears itself away and is whirled off into space. The balance of the wheel is then upset, and its other parts break up and are whirled off.

This is what happened at Stalybridge, and only the axle and a few spokes remained intact.

## A SKY MYSTERY

### Pink Pillar Above the Sun

A strange sight has been seen in the sky from London and other parts of the Eastern counties.

A sun-pillar, a very rare natural phenomenon, appeared about a quarter to six in the evening, standing like a vertical streak above the Sun, equal in width to the Sun itself and reaching up to five degrees above it.

The pillar, which was rather white at first, assumed a pink shade later, and moved northward, when it became patchy, and was lost in the haze of smoke.

What causes a sun-pillar is not definitely known, but it is believed, like solar haloes and mock suns, to be due to the presence of minute crystals of ice in the upper atmosphere. Why the phenomenon should sometimes take a vertical form and sometimes a circular form no one seems to know.

A day or two after the sun-pillar was seen there was a display of mock suns in the sky, and in the old days such a phenomenon would have been regarded as heralding some unusual happening.

We know now that such displays are simply physical phenomena.

## WHAT JOSEPH MERLIN DID

### Story of a Building Coming Down

### THE FIRST ROLLER SKATER

In pulling down a famous London house to make a jam factory, the builders have discovered a ceiling designed by the great Robert Adam and painted by Angelica Kauffmann.

This old house has a particular interest for London boys, and indeed for boys all over the world, and perhaps for girls too; for after Cromwell's days the house became the Spanish Embassy, and on the ambassador's staff was a gentleman named Joseph Merlin, who had a curious and playful mind, and in one of the rooms of the old house invented "a pair of skates contrived to run on wheels." Thus one of the floors of this house is as famous as one of its ceilings.

Mr. Merlin's invention created something of a stir in fashionable circles, and he was invited to give a display with his roller skates at one of the famous masquerades in Carlisle House. This the Spaniard was only too proud to do, and, the floor of the ballroom being cleared for his performance, he strapped on his queer skates, and set off on a furious run to excite admiration in the crowd of fashionable guests.

But alas for Merlin's wisdom! The rollers turned so swiftly on the polished floor that his pace was like a whirlwind, and before he could stop himself he had crashed into a mirror, which had cost £500, and shivered it to atoms. To make matters worse he cut himself severely.

Still, he invented roller skates, and thousands and tens of thousands of boys and girls are ready to call him a fine fellow, and to be sorry for his cuts; and as for the C.N., it is glad to remember him as the old house falls down.

## LIGHTENING THE BURDEN

### National Finance

### THE HARD BUSINESS OF PAYING OUR WAY

We have rightly been proud of the fact that we alone of all the nations fighting right through the war are paying our way—paying our current expenses, as well as debt and interest on debt out of current revenue.

It is a wonderful thing to be doing in face of slackened trade and widespread unemployment. Yet it is undoubtedly a heavy burden, and, while it is distributed pretty well in proportion to our capacity to bear it, it certainly presses unduly upon some of us and acts as a serious discouragement of industrial development.

It was a wise decision on the part of the new Government to appoint a really authoritative committee to make "a complete, honest, able, scientific survey of our national finance," and show how the burden may be made easier to bear and the springs of industry set free for the revival of our drooping trade.

Unemployment is a serious drain which must nevertheless be met; we cannot let the people starve. But it is better for everyone concerned if useful work can be found in return for maintenance. Everything that can be done for the revival of trade, whether in opening up relations with Russia or in readjusting taxation at home, helps to get men back into work.

## BEEES KILL A HORSE

### An Australian Story

Mr. George Garnham, of Bolwarra, in New South Wales, has lately lost a valuable horse. Two hives of bees were accidentally knocked over, and the buzzing insects settled on the horse. All attempts to brush them off only infuriated them, and the horse was so badly stung that it died.

## A GREAT LADY

### WHAT SHE DID FOR HER COUNTRY

C.N. Reader and Her Quiet Influence Among Men

### HOW FINE LIFE CAN BE

A week or two ago The Times published a very touching account of the life of Mrs. Henry Edwardes, who has lately passed away.

One thing not mentioned in this account was the fact that Mrs. Edwardes read the C.N. every week. Very often she has spoken with great praise of our paper, saying it was the only journal she ever read which made her feel that life is getting better and that the world is still full of kindness.

Her own life was marvellously full of kindness. She was entirely crippled by rheumatoid arthritis, and had to be carried up and down stairs, while someone always sat up with her at night, when she often suffered terrible pain and was never able to sleep for long.

### Days Devoted to Others

Yet her whole day was devoted to others. She founded the Cecilia Club as a hostel for girls who have to earn their own living. She was interested in many societies which are working for a nobler and a better life. No honest person in genuine distress ever appealed to her in vain.

But her great work lay in the effect of her strong personality on young men who came to this country from all parts of the Empire, whether to fight for the Mother Country against Prussian Militarism or to pursue their studies at our universities, hospitals, and art schools. For these she made her house in Knightsbridge a kind of club, and there, in her drawing-room, they met some of the greatest people in the land.

### English Life at Its Best

Gathered round her chair, where she sat almost completely bent double in beautiful old lace, or moving among her delightful and kindly guests, these young men saw English life at its highest and its best; and Mrs. Edwardes so mothered them, guided them, and inspired them that they saw little or nothing of those sordid things in London which grieve the hearts of all those who truly love their country.

Hundreds of letters, long after the war, continued to pour into that Knightsbridge house from every part of the Empire—letters from young men who called her their English Mother, and from fathers and mothers whose sons she had protected from evil and taught to feel that the greatness of England is the moral and domestic life of her people. They never forgot her.

### A Life Spent in Doing Good

It is true, as one of these young men wrote to her, that she has done a work for the Empire which no statesmen could accomplish. Yet, until she died, who had heard of her? All the world hears of our worst, our most frivolous, and our most useless people; they are everlastingly in the papers. But how few ever hear of noble women like Cecilia Edwardes, whose whole life was spent in doing nothing but good!

Here, in the paper she will read no more, we pay this tribute to her memory. Think of what her life means. In nearly every quarter of the British Empire are men who have felt the influence of her spirit, and, because of that influence, will try to make the Empire a powerful instrument for civilisation, and endeavour to bring up their children to understand how fine a thing human life can be.



## A BOAT THE STONE AXE BUILT

ON THE THAMES 4000  
YEARS AGO

Workmen's Find Probably  
Older than Stonehenge

### ROCHESTER'S NEW TREASURE

A boat that floated on the Thames four thousand years ago has been dug up near the Swale Channel, at the mouth of the Medway, and is now among the treasures of Rochester's fine museum.

Rome was a place unknown then: if it were a village it was as rude a village as any the most ancient Britons built. Something is known of them and of their villages, for a mile from where this boat was found sunk in the ancient marshland an old dwelling-site was found which belonged to the later Stone Age, when men had tools, arrow heads and spear heads, knives, and axes of flint, but neither iron nor bronze with which to make them.

So this ancient boat, clumsier than any of those finely-chipped flint implements, was hollowed out of a trunk of a tree by stone axes and knives, though perhaps the tree trunk was first burned into a hollow groove by building a fire to burn into it, as was the old custom.

### Before the Romans Sailed the Seas

Who were these Early Britons who were there nearly 2000 years before the Romans sailed the seas, perhaps 1000 years before the daring Phoenicians sought the fabled isles of Britain to barter cloths and dyes for tin and pearls?

The men who grooved out the boat with fire and flint dwelt near the marshes of the Swale and Milton Creek before the pagans from Jutland came to England, perhaps before the great stones of Stonehenge were raised. Some years ago a boat built much later than this was found sunk in mud in Northern Britain; but that had a cork plug, which showed that it must have been sailed there by Mediterranean traders, because cork never grew in the British Isles. This more recently discovered boat is far older than that.

It is a good-sized boat, made from one big tree, the bark of which is still left on it; and it has holes along its sides for paddles or oars. It has lost both ends, less than 11 feet of the body remaining; it is between three and four feet high at the side, and about three feet wide.

### Part of England Slowly Sinking

The part of South-East England where it was dug up has been slowly sinking at the rate of some four feet in 1000 years. Thus the old Roman ford at Rochester, which is not far away, is now eight feet below tide level, and the Stone Age remains found at Tilbury, on the opposite side of the Thames, are 30 feet below tide level, which puts back their age to 7000 years ago.

The Swale boat was found rather more than 15 feet below the same level, and that is why its age is said to be somewhere near 4000 years. It was found by Mr. S. J. Williams, of Murston, who has found several Roman remains, but in the prehistoric boat, laid bare by workmen digging in the blue marsh-clay which the old Swale waters deposited there, he has made the most interesting find of his career.

Picture on page 12

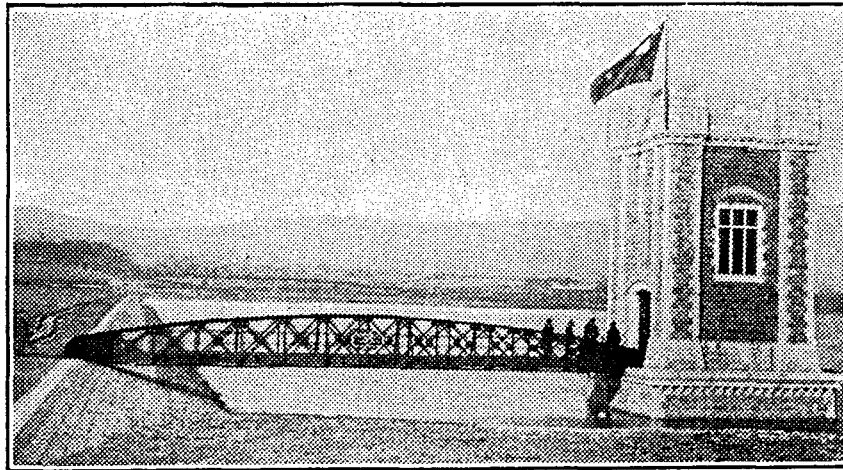
## GAS MASKS FOR MINERS

### A New Idea

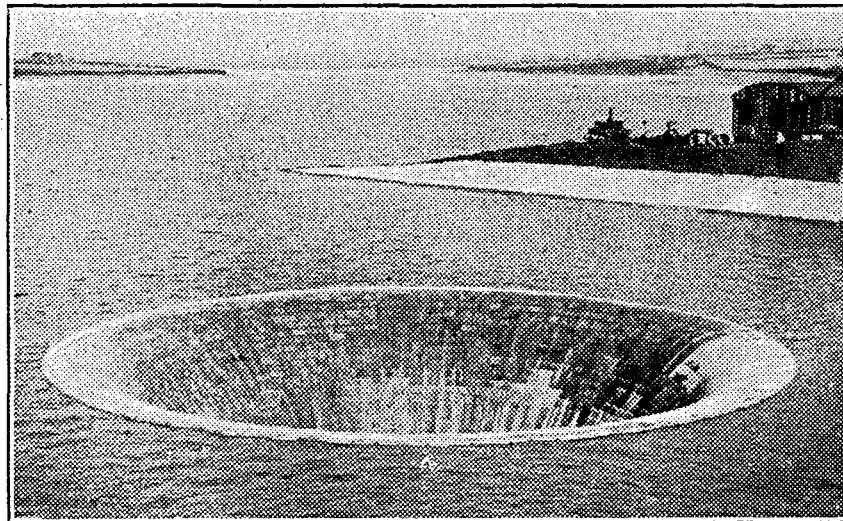
The United States Bureau of Mines is studying the question of equipping coal miners with pocket gas masks as a protection against the deadly gas arising after a fire or explosion in a mine.

Such masks would not be able to supply oxygen, but they would in many cases be able to protect miners long enough to permit escape from the mine, and it is hoped that they will be the means of saving many lives.

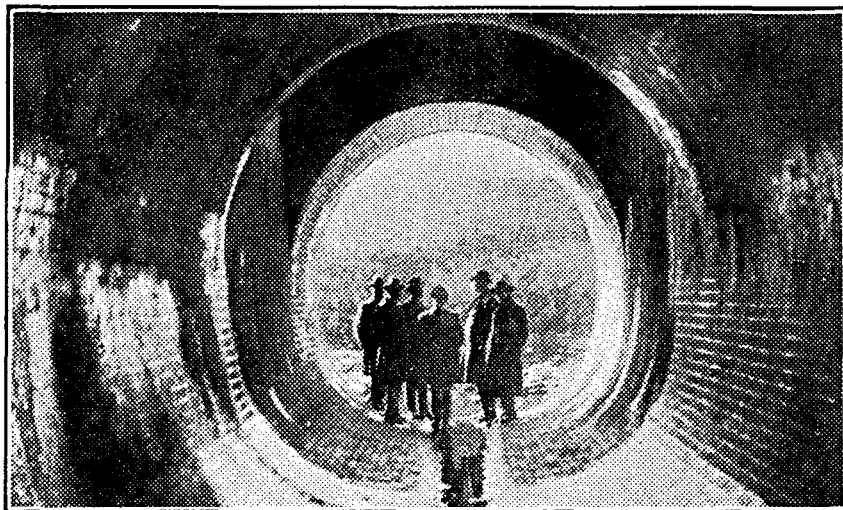
## DUBLIN'S NEW WATER SUPPLY



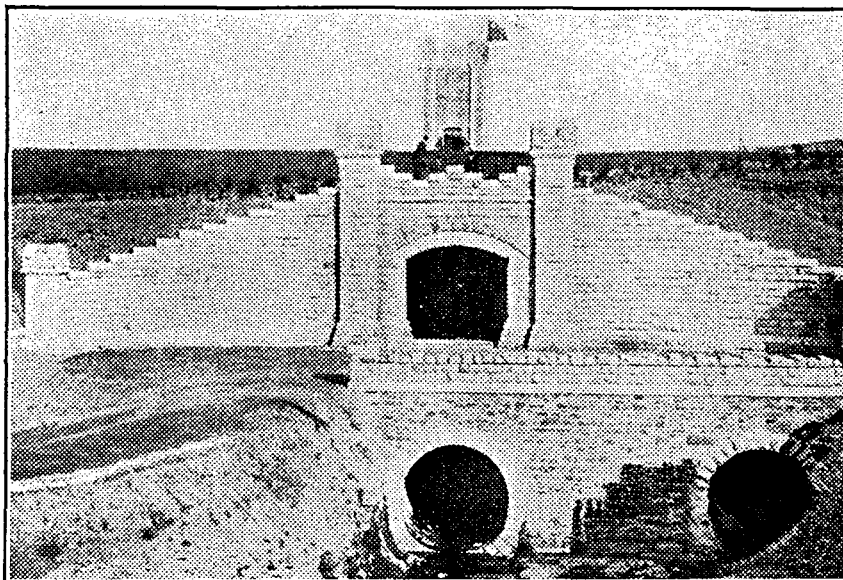
The tower controlling the flow of water into the lower reservoir



The new reservoir, with the water up to the level of the by-wash tunnel



The by-wash tunnel, which carries the overflow from the new to the old reservoir



The tunnels from the new reservoir opening into the lower reservoir

Dublin has for some years past suffered from a shortage of water in dry summers, but a fine new reservoir, shown in these pictures, has now been constructed, which will meet the needs of the capital for many years to come

## THE MOON ROCKET WILL IT BE FIRED THIS YEAR?

The Man Who Really  
Believes in It

### CELESTIAL FIREWORKS

Of all the events, likely or unlikely, which may befall the human race this summer, none is of more curious interest than the project of Robert H. Goddard, the American who is still thinking of carrying out his long-considered project of firing a rocket into the Moon.

There is no nonsense about this so far as Mr. Goddard is concerned. It is not a joke, nor is it an attempt to get money out of the pockets of the public. On the contrary, he is spending quite a little fortune on his rocket, and is inspired purely by enthusiasm for science.

The rocket will be composed of steel, will contain an internal combustion engine, will be ignited by smokeless nitro-cellulose, will weigh 15 pounds, and will travel at a speed of six or seven miles a second. Mr. Goddard thinks it will reach the Moon in little more than a day and a half! People with telescopes will see a sudden flare in the Moon, and by that sign will know that the rocket has hit Diana full in the face.

### A Stimulating Thought

Personally, we doubt if any stargazer is destined to see that flare. We do not wish either to depress or to irritate our ingenious American, who seems perfectly certain that he can hit the mark; but truly we think the rocket will begin to stagger and behave funnily long before it gets to the Moon.

Nevertheless we welcome the idea. Apart altogether from the delightful opportunity it will provide for wags and comic spirits from this moment onwards until autumn begins, it is a fine and stimulating thought that science should even conceive of the possibility of hitting one of the planets with a man-made projectile. We have no doubt the Goddard rocket will become a great joke, but have no doubt either that it will mark the beginning of enormous improvements in fireworks.

Our one anxiety lies in the reflection that if Professor Goddard is seriously hoping to hit the Moon with a rocket, some equally gifted inventor in Mars may even now be preparing a gigantic cracker for the Earth! We should prefer to see all attempts at courtesies between the planets conducted by wireless.

## CETEWAYO'S CROWN How the Tailor Made It of Velvet and Feathers

Kings still rule in Africa, and not long ago one of them was presented with a crown to show that the British recognised him for what he was.

But the most curious crown ever given to an African king was that which Sir Theophilus Shepstone had made for Cetewayo, the Zulu monarch. A photograph of it is in London, and a man who possesses one of the feathers from the crown, described the original structure in the journal of the Colonial Institute.

Cetewayo wanted a crown and the Zulus had none, probably because the succession to the throne up to Cetewayo's time had generally been settled by murdering the previous occupant.

So Sir Theophilus ordered the master tailor of the Pietermaritzburg regiment to make one. The regimental tailor rose nobly to the occasion. Imagine an airman's cap minus its top, rising in front to the height of a bishop's mitre. It had two pairs of ear flaps, one pair falling to the king's waist, the other to the chin.

This wonderful production was made of crimson velvet heavily ornamented with gold uniform lace, its front thickly studded with the embroidered crowns and stars used as badges on full-dress tunics. Round the top edge was a row of ostrich feathers, and a long crimson plume.



## PLAY IN A CHURCH OLD VIC PLAYERS AT CAMBRIDGE

Morality Play of Everyman in a  
Famous Chapel

### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PLAYGOING

By Our Cambridge Correspondent

A few days ago a remarkable scene was witnessed in Cambridge, the fifteenth century Morality play Everyman being performed in the stately chapel of King's College by actors and actresses from the Old Vic Theatre in London.

It was 360 years since such a performance had been seen in this fine chapel, of which John Evelyn wrote that it vied with any in Christendom.

This superb building, which was the scene of elaborate dramatic entertainments before Queen Elizabeth, has again resounded to the voice of actors, though the play this time has been far more decorous than those plays of 360 years ago. In one of the old plays, for instance, even the queen and her courtiers were scandalised when a dog walked in on his hind legs to ridicule some old doctrine of medieval belief.

### The Queen Rides into Cambridge

It was in August, 1564, that Queen Elizabeth visited Cambridge, riding into the town on horseback. All kinds of festivities were prepared—the cobbled streets were strewn with rushes, triumphal arches were erected, and the houses of the citizens as well as the colleges were decorated.

The queen lived in King's College, and a private corridor was built for her to the chapel, where a whole series of plays was to be performed by students from the various colleges.

The first play was given on a Sunday evening, and was not over till midnight. A stage was erected in the chapel, which was lighted by "a multitude of the guard, having every man in his hand a torch staff." On the two succeeding nights other plays were given, and there was to be a grand climax on the Wednesday with the presentation of the Ajax of Sophocles.

### Postponed for 360 Years

Very elaborate preparations had been made, but probably the queen had found the earlier plays tedious, or she was tired of going from college to college and listening to learned disputations in Latin and Hebrew. Anyhow, she declined to attend the Ajax, and the next morning left Cambridge. The play-acting in the chapel was postponed on August 9, 1564, and only renewed after 360 years on March 15, 1924, with Everyman.

The audience was delighted to see and hear in such congenial surroundings what has been described as "one of the most perfect allegories ever formed." The play comprises the whole pathos of human life and death, and was written in the fifteenth century.

## THE M.P. IN THE TRAIN Free Rides to His Constituents

The Government is arranging with the railway companies for the issue to each M.P. of a season ticket for travelling between his constituency and Westminster.

It is not a matter which will greatly interest the new member for the Westminster division, but it means a great deal to men representing distant parts.

From the time payment of members was decided on this further reform was inevitable. Travelling makes a great tax on a member's pocket, and it seems unfair that he should be fined in this way for representing a constituency far from London.

The railway companies are willing to accept a lump sum for the whole bunch of passes, and as soon as the amount has been fixed it will be brought before Parliament for confirmation.

## WIRELESS FEAT AT THE G.P.O.

Message Printed in  
London from Mid-Ocean  
MACHINERY WORKED BY  
ENERGY THROUGH SPACE

A remarkable feat is announced concerning the last voyage across the Atlantic of the White Star liner Olympic, when a trial was made for the first time of registering a printed message at the General Post Office in London direct from the liner in mid-ocean.

The Olympic was 700 miles out at sea, and a wireless message was sent at the rate of ninety words a minute to the G.P.O. The message arrived and was printed on paper in London without any human intervention.

Thus was begun a new era of typed telegrams sent direct from ships at sea to the greatest city in the world. Some months ago the writer saw this wonderful apparatus at work receiving messages from France and printing them in the building of the Institute of Electrical Engineers on the Thames Embankment; and we foretold in the C.N. then that printed wireless messages would soon become everyday things.

## THE SWAMP WORTH FIFTY MILLIONS

Amazing Growth in the Value  
of London

How amazed would be the ancient dwellers on the swampy banks of the Thames, or even the citizens of Dick Whittington's London, if they could know what the value of the city now is.

For purposes of charging the rates and taxes the value of the whole of London has just been reassessed—that is to say, the experts have decided what is the price at which they think the land and houses could be sold; and the total value of the 28 unions into which London is divided has been assessed at nearly fifty million pounds; to be exact, £49,770,097.

It is a wonderful value to place on a few square miles of land, and all this value has been built up by the industry of man on what was two thousand years ago little more than a dismal swamp.

The most valuable union is that of the City of Westminster, which is assessed at £8,205,576. The City of London, one square mile in area, is certainly the most valuable mile in the world, assessed at £6,614,730. Wandsworth's value is £3,363,460.

The poorest parish in London is St. George's-in-the-East, once a prosperous merchants' suburb. It is assessed at only £210,407.

## THE BUDGET

Saving of 31 Millions in the  
Nation's Bill

Gradually we are learning the facts on which the Government's first Budget must be based.

The Government has now published most of its estimates of expenditure for the coming year, and these point to a saving of no less than 31 millions as compared with those of last year. It is said, however, that a good deal of the money voted last year has not been spent, and we have to remember, also, that there are many new things the Government wants to do for which money will have to be found.

Then many of the reductions are due to causes for which the Government can claim no credit. For instance, there must necessarily be fewer war pensions to be paid as we get farther away from the war, and we are spending far less now in places like Mesopotamia and Palestine than a little while ago.

Still, when all allowances are made, a reduction of 31 millions is something to be pleased about.

## FLEET'S JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD HALF THE TOUR NOW COMPLETED

Showing the Flag to Every  
Part of the Empire

### THE GREAT PEACE CRUISE

The Special Service Squadron of the British Fleet has now completed half its tour round the world. It has anchored at Fremantle, the port of Western Australia; and has been received with great enthusiasm.

Though it is the fleet to which Australia looks in the first place for its defence, 42 years have passed since a powerful squadron was seen in its waters.

The Commonwealth may well be interested in this fleet, for it represents naval defence in its latest and most powerful form. The flagship, the Hood, is the largest, latest, and most impressive battle-cruiser afloat. With her is the battle-cruiser Repulse, and four of our finest light cruisers.

### Peacefulness of the World

The fact that the Hood is as far away from the homeland as she can be is a proof of the peacefulness of the world today, so far as sea-power is concerned.

This tour of the British Dominions overseas by an up-to-date squadron has been designed to show the British flag to every part of the Empire, to confirm everywhere the feeling of safety, to tighten the happy bonds of Imperial unity, and to stimulate mutual trade in all the Dominions.

Already the squadron has passed down the West Coast of Africa, visited Capetown, Durban, and East African ports, crossed the Indian Ocean to Singapore, and now, after stormy experiences, will make a long round of Australian calls.

When Australia is left New Zealand and some of the Pacific islands will be visited on the way to the Pacific coasts of Canada and the United States. Then the big battle-cruisers will return into the Atlantic by the Panama Canal, while the lighter ships skirt the South American coast to Chile, round the Horn, and call at the Falkland Islands and South American Atlantic ports. The West Indies and the Eastern Canadian ports will also be visited.

### Strength Without Aggression

So far the tour has been completely prosperous, and has greatly gratified large numbers of people within the British Empire who have no means of seeing Britain at home, and her most cherished means of defence against aggression.

It is the glory of the British Dominions that no country has any need to fear her strength, and that it is such that no part of her world-wide Union need fear outside aggression. Such a union ought to have opportunities for intercourse between its parts that will ensure a common trust and loyalty, and the tour of the fleet is admirably designed to fulfil that purpose.

## THE LAND LIGHTHOUSE Making the Roads Safe by Night

A road lighthouse to mark a dangerous turn on a steep hill is the latest safety device for motor-car drivers.

It has been set up in Cheshire at the bend of the road on Rood Hill, Congleton, said to be one of the most dangerous places in the whole country.

The lighthouse is 28 feet high, is built of ferro-concrete, and has a great illuminated sign: "Dangerous Hill. Change to Low Gear." The illumination is 2000 candle-power. Inside is a room with a gas stove and hot and cold water for the use of stranded motorists.

The widening of the road and building the lighthouse have cost £7000, of which the Ministry of Transport paid half.

Motorists, of course, do not get all this attention free; they are specially taxed to make what is known as the Road Fund for purposes such as these.

## 6000-MILE SWIM GREAT YEARLY VOYAGE OF THE SEAL

The Power and Purpose of a  
Living Tail-Propeller

### A MIGHTY SEA MIGRATION

We are coming to the rarest season of the year, and our land is once more about to witness the joyous general post to which the advent of spring stimulates the birds. Almost every day now we shall be speeding the parting guest and welcoming new arrivals.

The period of migration is at hand. The winter birds will preen their feathers, stretch their legs and wings, and decide that, while we offer cosy sanctuary for the sternest time of the whole twelvemonth, we present too languorous a climate for sons of the North in summer. And away they are going to the Arctic to build their nests.

If we could peer into the sea we should find there just as much of seasonal excitement and instinctive enterprise. The herrings, the mackerel, and the pilchards swarm to our coasts for spawning in countless millions, but they are not the only deep sea travellers. There are, for example, the seals.

### Many Miles from Land

Of course it is impossible in the present state of knowledge to know where all seals go, though we shall in time when we give as much study to their habits as we now give to their destruction. But we know something, and that is a real wonder.

We know that some of the herds are now unconsciously nerving themselves for an unbroken swim of 3000 miles without once touching land! The home of these seals, so far as they have a land home, is the Pribilof Islands, situated off Alaska.

Now, these Arctic sea-peaks have a desperate winter, intense frosts, bitter winds, snows such as we cannot conceive, so not even seals could exist on them, even if there were need. There is no need; the fur seals, most precious of all the tribe to commerce, make the Pribilofs their home for six months, and go to sea for the winter of each year.

From this Arctic wilderness they swim south as far as the Santa Barbara Islands, off sunny California, more than 3000 miles away. All that time they are journeying hither and thither in the water in quest of food, so the distance swum must be enormous, well over 1000 miles a month.

### A Wonder of Instinct

Then their tide of life turns. They yearn again for home, and head about in the direction from which they came, another 3000 miles north. At the end of six months they land again on the islands at the very beaches from which they set out, with 6000 and more miles of swimming to their credit.

They settle down to nursery duties at once. The baby seals are born, and, when the time comes for them to depart at the end of the present summer these, too, will have to face the 3000 miles south.

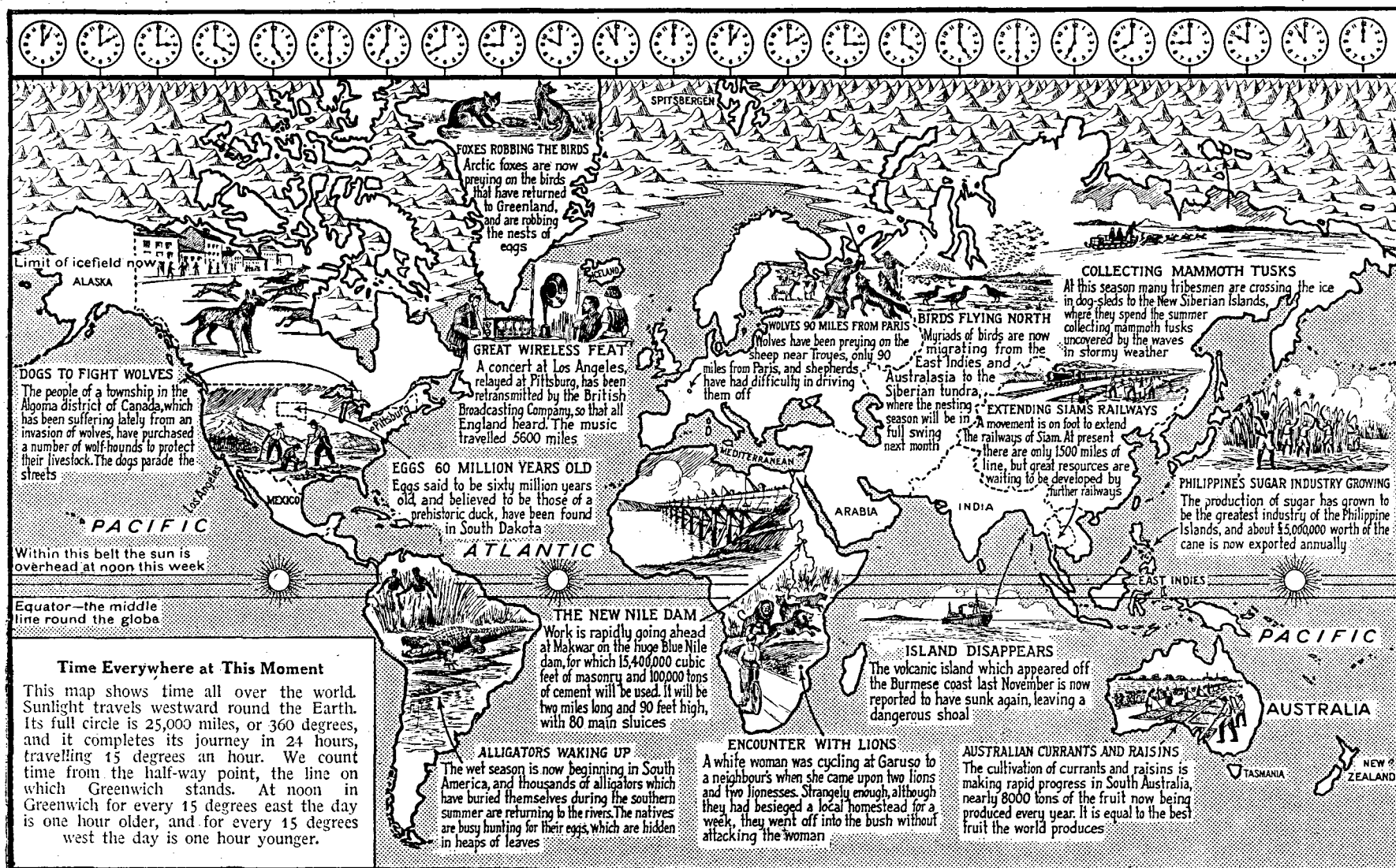
Nothing but instinct, ancestral memory of route, guides these animals on their long voyage out and home. There are no landmarks for seals in the deep seas; they have no wings; but with a fat tail as a propeller which no ship can better, they go out and home. They must be turning now and slowly cruising north.

### SNAKE SWALLOWS A SNAKE

Near Maitland, in New South Wales, the other day a man surprised a five-foot brown snake with a portion of a green snake sticking out of its mouth. He killed both, and found that the brown snake was trying to eat the green snake, only six inches less than its enemy.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



# SUMMER TIME AGAIN

## Confusion with the Continent

### BILL TO MAKE IT HALF THE YEAR IN BRITAIN

Representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland have been trying to agree on the date for the coming of Summer Time, and, to everybody's surprise, have failed.

We are to keep to the night of April 12, while the other three countries will begin a fortnight earlier. So for that fortnight all the time-tables of boats and trains between London and the capitals of the Continent will have to be re-arranged, with all the confusion that such re-arrangement inevitably produces.

Our neighbours intend to try to persuade us at least to end Summer Time with them—on the first Saturday in October, instead of a fortnight earlier, as the present law requires.

Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., Chairman of the Early Closing Association, has secured April 11 for the second reading of a Bill to extend Summer Time permanently to six months in each year, beginning on the first Sunday in April and continuing till the first Sunday in October.

That would give us a week longer in the spring (too late for this year) and a fortnight longer in the autumn than the present law.

Most of us would like to have back the full six weeks taken from us last year. At least we ought to have the dates our neighbours have adopted.

It is when the brightest days are newest, and when they are nearest their departure, that we most want to make full use of them. Even the farmers are mostly reconciled to it now, and it does not make very much difference to Madam Cow whether she changes her milking time on the first or the second Sunday in April.

## BELGIUM AND THE LEAGUE

### A New Minister at the Foreign Office

Nothing very wonderful has followed the defeat of the Belgian Government.

The Government had arranged a treaty with France, in which a lot of the Belgian duties on French goods were to be heavily reduced and a few of the high French duties on Belgian goods were to be slightly reduced. The Belgian Chamber thought it was not a fair arrangement and refused its approval.

People thought this meant that Belgians were tired of doing just what France wanted them to do about everything, including Germany and the Ruhr; but instead of looking for a new Prime Minister with a new policy they have persuaded the old Prime Minister to go on, though with different men in several posts.

One of the ministries that have been changed is the Foreign Office, and the new Foreign Minister, M. Hymans, has hitherto represented Belgium on the League of Nations, in which he is a great believer ; so that we may at least hope that Belgium will try in future to make more use of the League than hitherto.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Louis XVI bedroom suite . . .	£336
James I silver-gilt chalice . .	£175
An old English lacquer cabinet .	£141
A missal on vellum, 1492 . . .	£105
Queen Anne silver coffee-pot .	£93
A Charles II silver tankard, 1684	£85
Pickwick Papers, 1st edition . .	£85
13th-century MS. psalter . . .	£70
Chippendale mahogany bedstead	£68
Panel of Charles II needlework .	£58
Paradise Lost, 1st edition, 1667	£50
A Louis XV painted fan . . . .	£45
Vanity Fair, 1st American edition	£30
George II silver casters . . . .	£30
Elizabethan Maidenhead spoon .	£14

## A GRATEFUL NATION

### Story of a Peer's Pension

The British nation will not be accused of ingratitude to the famous Admiral Lord Rodney because in 1924 its Government has taken steps to end the pension of £2000 a year granted to him and his heirs for his victory over the French in 1782.

Lord Rodney himself enjoyed it for only ten years, but it has continued to be paid for over 140 years to successive holders of the title.

The present peer, who is only 32, spends most of his time as a farmer at Fort Saskatchewan, in Canada. The British Government has arranged to pay him a lump sum of £42,000 to end the pension altogether—not a bad reward for being the grandson of a nephew of the great grandson of a victorious admiral!

One wonders two things: Why the Government of 1782 thought Lord Rodney's remote descendants—whom they had never seen—worthy of a pension; and why all Governments since have gone on paying it instead of doing what the present Government has done to bring it to an end.

There are still two more of these absurd hereditary pensions. One is Lord Nelson's £5000 a year, and the other is a payment of £360 a year to somebody who actually *bought* it from the heirs of the German Duke of Schomberg 130 years ago. The original pension of £2880 a year was granted to the heirs of the duke for his help of William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, but the bulk of it was paid off as a lump sum later.

It is to be hoped the Government will end both these pensions as they have ended the Rodney one.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Arcturus . . . . .	Ark-tu-russ
Piave . . . . .	Pe-ah-vay
Saskatchewan . . . . .	Sass-kach-e-won
Schomberg . . . . .	Shom-bairg
Territet . . . . .	Ter-re-tay
Zambesi . . . . .	Zahm ba-ze

## POOR LITTLE RABBITS

### Will Parliament Do a Kind Thing for Them?

## THE MEANNESS CALLED SPORT

There is not much likelihood that the Bill for stopping the hunting of tame animals, introduced into Parliament by Mr. Isaac Foot, M.P. for Bodmin, will find the time in this crowded session for passing into law, but it has the warmest sympathy of the C.N.

It may get such a hearing as will ensure enough support from humane people to convince the Government that its help must eventually be given to end a serious scandal.

Hunting wild animals as a mere sport is bad enough ; but the hunting of tame animals, like rabbits and stags, let out by the hands of their friends to be chased for human amusement will not bear thinking of. It is the very depth of cruelty and meanness.

All fair-minded people are ashamed of the butchery of pigeons let out of little dark boxes at Monte Carlo, and we do not want such sham sports at home.

Mr. Foot's Bill would provide that no animal shall be hunted until it has been released from captivity for at least eight days. Eight days is a pitifully short time for a defenceless animal held in captivity to acquire wildness, but it is better than starting the hunted creature tame; and it will stop the wholesale release of animals to an orgy of slaughter.

Mr. Foot will have earnest gratitude from every sympathiser with the beautiful life of God's lesser creatures, and we hope the Government will help him.

## DEAN INGE'S BOOK

The book by the Dean of St. Paul's containing the story of Paula Inge, referred to on Page 6, is called "Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion," and is published by Longmans at 2s. 6d.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 29 1924

And He Set a Little Child  
Among Them

ONE of the most beautiful things ever said of a child was said by another child; and it is recorded for us by a man famous for the brilliance of his intellect, the severity of his judgment, and the almost savage ruthlessness of his logic.

The child is Paula Inge; the other child is her little brother Richard; the man is the Dean of St. Paul's.

Two years ago Paula fell ill. She was ten years old, and the light of the home:

A fairy child, very graceful in her movements, very gentle and loving, and at times rather dreamy . . . a little mysterious, almost as if she knew something that was hidden from us—some secret too deep for revealing; a little wistful, too, as if she would have shared that secret if she could.

Everybody loved her. The bus conductor used to look out for her as his great bus swung round St. Paul's, and would salute her so as to get a smile from the little pale face.

But she fell ill, and for a whole year she was shut out from nearly everything that makes children happy. Night and day she had little to do but lie quite still, in a state of great weakness, thinking. But she never complained. She asked if she need say her prayers aloud, explaining, *If you do not mind, I should like best to be quite alone with God.*

At last it was seen that nothing could save this exquisite life, so beautiful and so fragrant; and then the Dean of St. Paul's took little Richard on his knee and told him that "Paula was going to spend her Easter with Jesus Christ." The little brother cried; then he raised his face against his father's breast and said:

In all her long life—at least it seems a long life to me, though not to you—Paula has never made anybody angry; she has always made everybody happy.

When we think of those words, and consider how politicians are nearly always fighting, how capital and labour are nearly always quarrelling, how nations say bitter things of other nations, so that hate leads to war and fills the Earth with misery, we seem to see a new majesty and a profounder truth in these words of Jesus, *Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Paula was only eleven, but she has left behind a memory which will go on doing the will of God.

Who can measure the greatness of this child or set a limit to the power of her influence? All who read these words must be a little better for the thought of Paula Inge, and the homes of the next generation may be happier and more beautiful for her haunting memory, one of the rich possessions for which all of us who have it may now thank God.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Leave It with God

WE like this little rhyme which lately came our way, but the authorship of which we do not know:

Spin carefully,  
Spin prayerfully,  
Leaving the thread with God.

It is as beautiful as the old saying, "Man plants and man waters, but it is God who bringeth the harvest." In one sense the partnership of God and Man is the only instance of Capital and Labour which really matters.

## The Post Office Kiosk

WE are delighted to see the coming of the telephone kiosk in the streets of London. It is an admirable idea.

May the C.N. suggest to the G.P.O. that it would add enormously to the value of the kiosk if arrangements were made for a slot stamp machine to be fixed in every one? That would be simple and easy, and of immense value.

We should like to see the idea developed, indeed, so that we could send telegrams from these kiosks. With a slot machine that would take a shilling (or two sixpences) it should be possible to make arrangements by which people in our busy streets could send telegrams from almost anywhere.

The Telephone Kiosk is admirable, but the Post Office Kiosk would be more admirable still. We look forward to the day when there will be one of these centres of communication in every main street.

## History the Optimist

WE have come across a little story which a certain politician did not find before he said the other day that the world is no better than it was. The story was told not long ago at a meeting of the League of Nations.

It used to be the practice in England to burn heretics and sorcerers, and among the public documents in existence is one addressed to James the First by his Chief Justice on this practice of burning alive.

The Chief Justice wanted the burning alive in public to be abolished, not because the victims did not deserve it, but because of the human weakness of the common people who saw them burned alive. "The people were so upset," said the Chief Justice, "that they threw themselves in tears upon their knees begging that the heretic should be forgiven, and what should have been the punishment of a criminal was transformed into the crowning of a martyr."

That is to say, in Shakespeare's England the only reason why the Chief Justice wanted Christians not to be burned alive was that it made the people sorry for them.

A politician tells us that the world is no better, and even the Dean of St. Paul's talks of the good old days. For ourselves, when we are inclined to be gloomy, we remember the facts of history and are optimists again.

## A Good Thing About a Bad Thing

A WOMAN who was falling from a pier was saved from drowning in the sea by her high heels, which caught in the railings and held her till she was rescued.

It is said to be the first good thing known about a high heel in all the history of boots and shoes.

## Tip-Cat

A BISHOP boasts: If you are unpopular it proves you are right. But does it not usually result in your being left?

OF course, as one of them insists, the landlords have a case. Or where could they keep their rents?

TWENTY years ago you could hardly see a motor on the roads. Now there are so many that it is the roads you can hardly see.

HENS, writes an authority, do not lay eggs as a brick-layer lays bricks. They do it quicker.

A DOCTOR describes sunshine as a form of food. A very good light diet.

MR. CHURCHILL assures the public he has not changed. It must be the rest of the world.

A LABOUR critic wishes not to glorify the Navy but to hide it. But nobody has yet been able to give the Navy a hiding.

LORD HALDANE doubts whether we are a very intelligent people. All unsuccessful authors will agree with him.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that he has not yet heard the cuckoo. Perhaps some boy will oblige.

## Peter Puck's Advice to the Statesmen

The franc and the mark go tumbling down,  
The bankers fret and the statesmen frown;  
Perhaps if they tried God's simple way  
Poor Europe might see a brighter day  
And hungry folk get labour and pay.

## No End in Sight

A MAN who has been called the English Ford, the maker of one of our English cars, was asked the other day whether he sees an end to the present rapid production of motor-cars. He replied that that day will never come.

"I confidently anticipate the time," he added, "when it will seem the most ordinary thing in the world for the British workman to have his own car."

This is the true spirit of optimism, without which every nation must become a back number.

## A Pocketful of Beauty

ONE of the heroes of Trafalgar, the noble Admiral Collingwood, used to walk about the fields of England with a pocketful of acorns, dropping one here and another there, so that Little Treasure Island should never be short of stout timber for building her ships.

A good reader of the C.N. suggests that now the spring has come our boys and girls should fill their pockets with flower seeds and go out into the lanes scattering these seeds wherever they see a place that would look all the better for a flash of colour. Road hogs are destroying much of the beauty of England; would it not be a fine thing if we could help to restore that beauty on our country walks?

## An Idea for a Walk

Admiral Collingwood's idea, with his pocketful of acorns, was safety: our idea now, with our pocketful of flower seeds, is beauty. Acorns cannot give us men-of-war, and who could walk about with steel plates and pneumatic-riveters? But who would not love to walk about England with a pocketful of flower seeds, scattering loveliness as the sun scatters light, and planting the beautiful garden of England with the flowers so dear to Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare?

It is an idea which may help us to build up a character in which unselfishness and a love of beauty may go hand-in-hand to a noble destiny.

## For the Wise Only

It is an idea, of course, which must be carried out with wise discrimination, for the farmer will not thank us for sowing charlock in his fields, nor will our neighbours care for dandelions on their lawns. But there are thousands of places where we may scatter colour without harm.

We often say that we do not want to go for a walk; but if we have a purpose so jolly as this a walk becomes something of an adventure. It is well worth thinking about, and it will help to preserve for those who come after us the loveliness that those who came before us preserved for us in those country lanes which are the glory of our Island Home.

## Ready and Courageous

These verses come our way from The Baltimore Daily Post, and we pass them on for those who are collecting tributes to the memory of Woodrow Wilson.

Death found him ready. Courage shone  
In midst of agony.

With head unbowed his goal was won  
With knightly dignity.

Mayhap the pomp of Paris streamed  
Across his vision; but there gleamed  
More glorious visions that he dreamed  
As he faced the end alone.

The path of glory ends; the bier  
Awaits his last repose.

His race is run, his record clear:  
How clear the Lord God knows.  
He'd have no mourning, wild regret,  
He stood apart from the world—and yet  
A tower has fallen, a star has set,  
Though the light from the star still  
glows.



## THE RACE WITHOUT A COUNTRY

### SHOULD THE JEWS GO BACK TO PALESTINE?

What is to Happen to the Great Zionist Movement?

#### MR. ZANGWILL SPEAKS

The movement for giving the Jewish race a national home in Palestine, the land from which the race was dispersed, has reached the cross-roads of warm controversy.

The Hebrews are, perhaps, the most distinct of all races, yet they have no country of their own. Two thousand years ago their passion for their native land was intense. But strangers have long possessed it. Can its recovery as a Jewish homeland ever be expected?

That question has been raised sharply by Mr. Israel Zangwill, the most distinguished writer of Jewish origin who uses English as his language.

Mr. Zangwill accepted an invitation to an American-Jewish congress on the condition that he should have complete freedom of speech, and what he said when he faced the congress, which favoured the re-establishment of the Jewish race in Palestine as their national home, was that the movement will be a failure.

#### Jews in Every Land

The congress disagreed with his view; and the Hebrew race, judging by its newspapers, is divided on the question.

The attitude of those of us who are not Jews may suitably be one of sympathetic interest without taking sides. That has been the attitude of the British nation officially.

The Jews are nationalised in every State. They have joined fifty countries or more; but they have no country of their own. Can they return to Palestine in such a way as to make it their own, and not be in it as a small minority, as they are in other lands? A real Jewish State would be very interesting if it could be formed with a just regard for the rights of other races.

#### A Difficult Problem

Mr. Zangwill seems to believe that it cannot be done, for neither the opportunity to do it nor the right mind to enter on the task exists. It might, perhaps, have been done if imagination and great wealth had worked together during the chaos that ended the war. If the land had been bought up, its present inhabitants cleared out, compensated, and removed elsewhere, a Jewish nation might have been left in possession to govern itself; but nothing of the kind has occurred.

The land is governed by Great Britain under a Mandate. Fair treatment is insured to Jews who choose to make the country their home, but at present 96 per cent. of the land belongs to Arabs, who have no wish to sell any of it. The total population in 1922 was 757,000, of whom 591,000 were Mohammedans. Only 84,000 are Jews, and 73,000 Christians.

#### Facing the Facts

The Jews have increased by 30,000 in the last four years, chiefly from Poland, Ukraine, Russia, and Rumania. But there are 16 million Jews in the world, and Palestine supports only three-quarters of a million people now, of whom only one-ninth are Jews—so that of 16 million Jews in the world only about 80,000 are in the dreamed-of homeland.

How can a land where only one Jew out of every 200 Jews lives be called the national home? That is the problem Mr. Zangwill has put before the Jews.

Many of them would like to see the Jewish groups in Palestine increased, but they do not show how their sentiment can get the better of the hard facts, which are that the country is far too small to represent the race, and is inhabited by Arabs who are jealous of Jewish immigration.

## THE BOY WHO LOOKED AFTER THE COWS

In the little town of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, where the first battle was fought in the great national struggle of the seventeenth century for civil and religious liberty, there lived many years ago a little boy who herded cows.

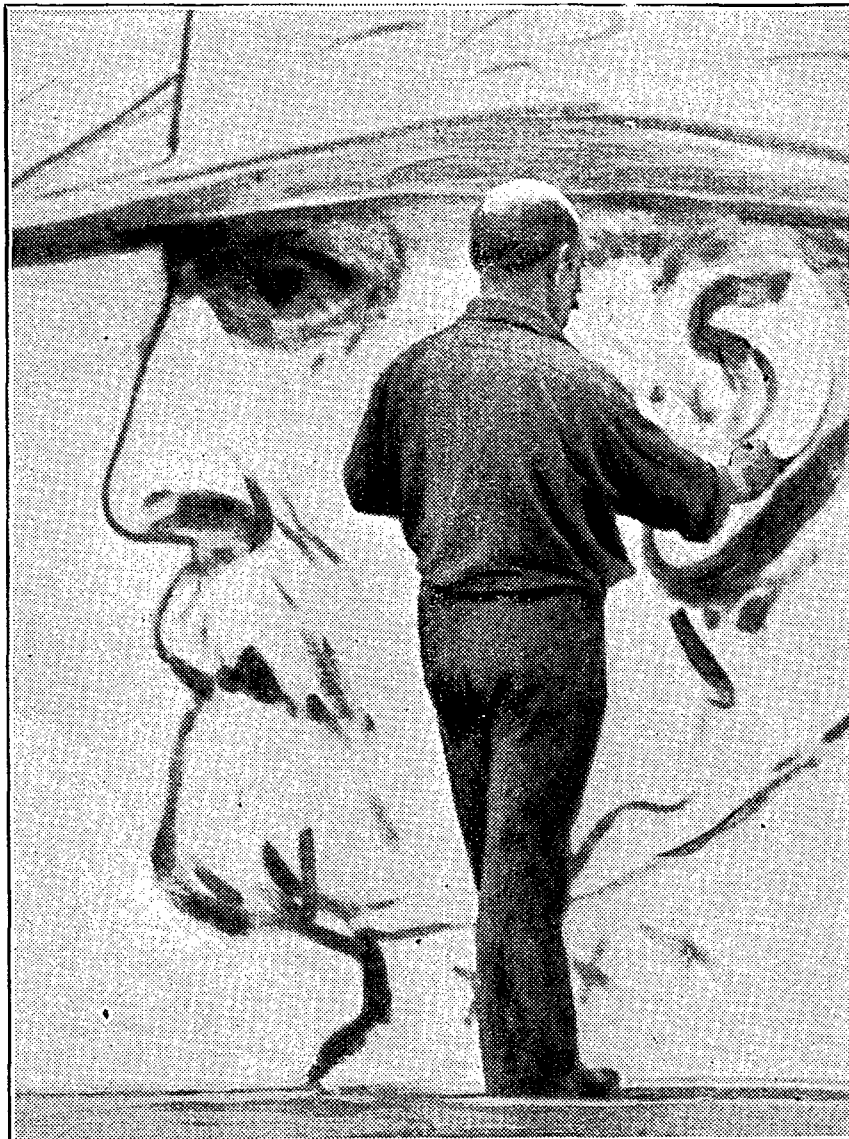
He read of Captain Cook's voyages, and determined to go to New Zealand.

At first he got no farther than London, where he learned baking and became foreman in a bakery. Then he sailed for Australia, and ultimately reached Auckland, in New Zealand.

He must have been a herdsman again, when he lived in a tent and became the friend of Maori chiefs, but in time he became a master baker, and, prospering at the trade he had learned in London, made the huge fortune of £100,000 out of his loaves and cakes.

Now he has gone, and half his money is to go to make a home and school for poor children in Auckland, and half to other New Zealand charities—all but £5000 which is to help the poor in his native Scottish town.

## THE SCULPTOR CARVES THE MOUNTAIN



Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor who is transforming the Stone Mountain near Atlanta, Georgia, into a great memorial of the American Civil War, is here seen at work. On the largest single body of granite in the world he is sculpturing a huge relief picture, which will contain portraits of most of the distinguished Southern generals of the war. See page 8

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Tiny Hawaii has twice as many motor vehicles as the whole of China.

Nobody seems to have noticed that it is just fifty years since the first Labour M.P. was elected.

#### The Kinema Train

For the first time in the history of British railways a kinema saloon has been attached to the Flying Scotsman.

#### Air Express to Manchester

The Daimler Air Express has created a record by flying from London to Manchester in ninety minutes. It runs twice a day each way.

#### Recognised by Wireless

The new Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Theodore Woods, was told by a lady in his diocese that she "recognised him by wireless," having heard him broadcasting.

#### London's Dangers

There were 69,813 street accidents in London last year, an average of nearly 200 a day. This number was over a fifth greater than that for the previous year.

#### Championship for England

England beat Scotland in the greatest Rugby football match of the year, and so won the international championship. She had already beaten Wales, Ireland, and France.

Nearly a million people come into Central London every day.

The Bishop of London, speaking of the Labour Cabinet, declares that the Christian tone of it is remarkable.

#### Cats and the Cattle Plague

Many farmers believe that foot-and-mouth disease among cattle is carried by stray cats, and many cats have been shot.

#### Oil Well in Hebron

Drilling near the famous Abraham oak, the Standard Oil Company has opened an oil well in the biblical town of Hebron.

#### Too Bad for Words

"Waterloo Bridge is beautiful," said Lord Curzon the other day, "but the Albert Memorial—well, my loyalty prevents me from characterising it!"

#### Four Battleships Unfit

Four battleships of the American Navy have been found unfit for service; their boilers would burst, it is said, if they steamed above twelve miles an hour.

#### America Talks to Asia

A man has spoken from Columbus, in Minnesota, to Iwaki, in Japan, and received his answer by telephone, the voices travelling altogether a distance of 15,000 miles by land and sea.

## LITTLE-KNOWN MAN'S GREAT WORK

### THE SILKWORM'S RIVAL

How He Found a Secret which Founded an Industry

### THE SCIENTIST AND THE DRAPER'S SHOP

A little-known man who wrought a wonderful change in the world has lately passed away.

He was Count de Chardonnet, a man who gave his long life to science, and was best known as the discoverer of the way to make artificial silk.

Before his time the world depended for its silk on the wonderful work of the little silkworm, which for ages past had spun the thread of which the robes of kings and queens were made.

Count de Chardonnet found out the method of manufacturing silk which has now made the artificial kind familiar in every draper's shop throughout the world; he was the founder, we may say, of one of the biggest industries which have been built up in our time.

#### A Great Step Forward

Twenty years ago artificial silk was almost unknown. Today it has become a gigantic industry.

It was not until the year 1889 that Count de Chardonnet succeeded in producing a non-inflammable artificial silk, using cotton as his raw material. Before then a poor product had been made, but it was as inflammable as gun-cotton, from which it was derived.

The next really important invention was made in 1892 by two English chemists named Cross and Bevan, who discovered how to make what is called viscose silk from wood pulp. This was a great step forward, for it made the industry free of the use of cotton. This was very important in the war, when we were so short of cotton, and artificial silk then made great strides.

#### The Wonder of Wood Pulp

In this, as in all other such matters, it is the small details which count, and the working out of the process has occupied many brilliant minds ever since the time of the French scientist Réaumur, who, after carefully examining the lovely natural silk spun by spiders for their webs, wrote, as long ago as 1754: "Silk being nothing but dried-up liquid gum, why cannot we make silk with gum and resin?"

Today, out of cellulose made from pulped wood, we get the wonderful material seen in every draper's shop, and worn in some form or other by nearly every woman in the country.

The wood pulp, being reduced to viscose, is forced through very fine holes in platinum jets into spinning baths, filled with adhesive material, and so the artificial threads are made. The fibres can be greatly varied in section so as to give sheen and lustre.

Many methods are employed, and it is said that as many as 2000 patents have been taken out for artificial silk devices in various countries. New factories are springing up everywhere.

#### Replacing Cotton

Since 1900 the world's output of artificial silk has increased about fifteen times, and it is quite probable that in the next ten years the trade will increase tenfold. The product is being cheapened, and with each decrease in price fresh uses are found. It seems likely that artificial silk will altogether displace cotton for many purposes. The effect on clothes is very marked. All sorts of lovely fabrics, coloured with marvellous modern dyes, are now produced at prices which enable people of moderate means to have clothes which are in many respects superior to those worn even by the rich people of old time. It is another case of science converting a luxury into a commonplace.



## SHRINE OF A GREAT MAN'S GENIUS

WILL GLASGOW DESTROY ONE OF ITS GLORIES?

Famous Place where Lord Lister Lit a Great Light

STRANGE ATTITUDE OF HOSPITAL MANAGERS

The Glasgow Royal Infirmary occupies a place in the heart and memory of mankind because Lord Lister worked in one of its old wards half a century ago, and in that gloomy place he lit a light of knowledge which has shone on the world ever since.

It was there that he made the great discovery that a wound must be made clean and kept clean, otherwise the patient will be infected with the germs of diseases that will more surely kill him than any wound. Since that discovery millions of lives have been saved by this truth which he preached for long to deaf and unwilling ears, and all who know anything of that splendid story of genius fighting disease and ignorance see in their mind's eye the old ward where Mr. Lister, the young surgeon, worked, a shrine to which all should pay homage.

### Birthplace of an Idea

There are tombs to which pilgrims go, but this was the birthplace of an idea, the work-room of a man who won a triumph over disease and death for which generations still unborn will ever be grateful.

Yet, with an incredible neglect of what the world thinks and remembers of Lord Lister, the managers of the infirmary are proceeding to demolish this old ward because the four-storey building of which it is a part would interfere with extension schemes.

Such an act is more threatening to the prosperity of the infirmary than any defects in its structure, because it is an injury to human feeling and an affront to human gratitude. In a way it reminds one of something Lister said when he was feeling his way to his discovery of the supreme need of cleanliness in surgery.

### The Bad Old Days

Before his lesson was brought home to hospital surgeons they were criminally careless of cleanliness. They would go from one patient to another without cleansing either their hands, their clothing, or their instruments except in the most casual way.

In Lister's own day at the infirmary it was proposed to pull down the old buildings because disease among the patients was so rife, and it was suspected that they were insanitary and that the infection was in the air of the wards. But "No" said Lister; "the infection is not in the wards, or in the air; it is on yourselves. You carry it from patient to patient, on your clothes, your instruments, your hands." So we might say that the danger to the Royal Glasgow Infirmary's future prosperity and usefulness does not lie in the old ward, however much it may be in the way, but in the actions of those who would remove it.

### More Dangerous than a Battlefield

In that ward the truth that Lister fought for was demonstrated by the ward's very defects. When Lister went there it used to be said that it was more dangerous to go to a hospital than through a battle. You might recover from a wound on a battlefield, but in a hospital never; for you would die of something more mortal than any wound.

At that time two people out of five died after serious operations in hospitals, more often from a hospital disease than from other causes. The Glasgow

## A LONG WAIT FOR JUSTICE

PARDONED AFTER 46 YEARS

The Paris Courts Set Right a Great Wrong

SAVED BY SCIENCE

By Our Paris Correspondent

The Paris law courts have lately done a dramatic thing. They have given back his honour to a chemist who was condemned in his youth to penal servitude through a grievous judicial mistake.

The revision of a terrible sentence makes us realise once more how responsible is the position of a judge. In Monsieur Danval's case conclusions which seemed true in 1878 were seen to be false in 1924. Forty-six years have elapsed since then, years of agony and revolt, and in them Danval has been able to prove his innocence.

On May 6, 1878, a life sentence was imposed on him by the Paris courts. His wife had died under suspicious circumstances; a milligramme of arsenic was found in the body, and upon this fact a convincing case was built up against the husband, who was supposed to have poisoned her. Time passed, and Danval was deported; but he kept in touch with the progress of medicine, and now his patient eagerness has had a reward. In 1902, after 24 years of the life of a convict, he learned that science had proved for the first time that a small quantity of arsenic is always present in the human body, and to the suffering man this brought deep emotion tinged with hope.

### The Exile Called Back

The exile was called back to France, but the law courts did not admit that the new discovery was sufficient to prove him guiltless.

The chemist's hope, however, was not quenched. He was allowed to settle near Paris, and awaited another opportunity for a revision of his fate. He was not deceived. Another experiment was made, and the result presented to the Academy confirmed the earlier theory as to the presence of arsenic in the human system; and now, at last, Louis Danval has been reinstated in the eyes of the world as a citizen of France, and the Government has awarded him £500 a year for the rest of his life as compensation for the grievous wrong he has suffered.

Danval recounts that in the hour of his condemnation he had a visit from King Edward, and he declared that visit strengthened him in the most trying hours of his life. "You would not have been convicted so quickly in England. Courage, man," said his royal visitor. And that, he declared, was the first consolation in his great agony.

Continued from the previous column

Infirmary was notoriously bad. Some of the wards of the hospital were in a better condition from a sanitary point of view than the others; Lister's ward, from the point of view of sanitation and ventilation and cleanliness, was worse. But, whereas the deaths in the others were so frequent, and hospital disease so rife, that they had often to be closed, Lister's dirty old ward had a marvellous record. It was solely because he insisted on the cleanliness of surgeon, instrument, and all the surroundings of the wound. It was the best, the final, the undeniable proof of the truth he insisted on. That ward itself is a symbol and a testimony to the nature and character of the proof he gave to the world. The truth and the proof and Lord Lister's memory are enduring monuments; but out of sheer gratitude let us preserve the place where they were given to us.

## C.N. COUNTRY POSTBOX

Our Country Postbox is full of interesting things, and we give a few of them here.

### GUINEA FOWLS AS SENTINELS

A correspondent sends the following story in proof of the value of guinea fowls as sentinels.

A farmer was once at his wits' end how, after all his trouble and pains, to protect his chickens and ducks from foxes.

In spite of a good dog left loose in the yard, he found, on his morning round, half-eaten, mangled bodies lying about.

Finally he purchased a dozen guinea fowls to add to his stock. That same night he was awakened by shrill screams and piercing cries from the newly installed birds.

Rising hastily, he went to the open window and saw a retreating fox.

From that night he was never troubled by either a visitation of his enemy or the loss of poultry, and he is never without guinea fowls.

### WELL DONE, WOLF CUBS!

A visitor to Yorkshire sends us this pretty incident, showing the good work that little chaps can do.

It was a boisterous day when a flat cart, filled with what looked like market baskets containing carrots, drew up in a village near the Yorkshire moors.

The cart was drawn by a small, shaggy pony, much like a Shetlander. Leading it was a young lady, and surrounding it were six or eight boys—Wolf Cubs.

They brought into the house, unasked, two of the baskets, which now were seen to be filled with fir-cones. "To help to light the fire," was their explanation; and they looked more happy than kings.

I wished to pay for the cones, but the leader of the cubs refused. When dried the cones burn beautifully.

I threw a shilling after the boys, but a little smiler ran after it down the hill and, returning, bowed it into the house.

They were going round the village with the fire-lighters they had gathered in the woods.

### A CUP THAT CHEERS

A Staffordshire reader sends us an account of a cup that will cheer the hearts of all readers.

In our town is a small fountain with a stone basin. Two iron drinking-cups are attached to it.

Passing near the other evening I saw a rough brown dog jumping up the fountain side, trying to reach the water in the basin. Evidently he was thirsty, but every time he jumped he fell, for the rounded stone afforded no firm footing.

As I approached, a man who saw what the dog wanted lifted him on the basin's edge, filled a cup, and held him while the doggie drank. Then, with a pat, he set him down.

The dog regarded his friend for a moment with wags of his stumpy tail, and then trotted off.

I wondered how often he had tried to drink there, and how often he had been so helped. Such acts brighten a workaday world.

### A DUCK AS A PEACEMAKER

A Scottish reader sends us this entertaining story of a duck.

Watching a field in which hundreds of poultry were enclosed, including turkeys, ducks, and Leghorn fowls, I observed two young Leghorn cocks starting to fight while the poultry fed.

They set about the duel in business-like fashion, their heads excitedly high, their neck feathers sticking out, and each in turn was jumping high in the air.

A duck in the vicinity evidently did not approve. She went in between the two combatants, fluttered her wings, and tried to separate the birds. She turned to one, then to the other, even pecked at them, and did all in her power to prevent the duel.

I never remember having seen or heard of any fight being stopped in this way. Have any of your readers?

## AN OLD LADY'S IDEA HOW SHE IS SEEING IT COME TRUE

Tremendous Monument on the Side of a Great Mountain

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

A fragment of the largest sculpture in the world has been finished near Atlanta, in Georgia; and who do you think unveiled it in the presence of about twenty thousand people? A little white-haired old lady of 94, called Helen Plane.

It was quite right that Mrs. Plane should perform this ceremony, because the whole of this colossal work is her own idea.

Mrs. Plane is the widow of a colonel who fought in the American Civil War. A long time ago it occurred to her and her friends that it would be a fine thing to make a memorial to the men of the Southern States who fought in the war, for, right or wrong, it was the occasion of great heroism and self-denial by the Southerners.

### Memorial in the Open Country

The Civil War swept all America, but the Southern States were the most overwhelmed in disaster, and therefore it seemed right to Mrs. Plane, a daughter of the South, that the memorial should not be hidden in a great city, but placed out in the open country. She looked about, and it seemed that Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, was the very place. There a granite precipice rises sheer from the plain, and catches the eye at a great distance.

"This is the spot," said Mrs. Plane to her friends; "where is the man?"

Again she thought and looked about, and alighted on Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor. In the spring of 1915 Mrs. Plane and her friends brought Mr. Borglum to Atlanta, and showed him the Stone Mountain. The old lady then unfolded her plan, that on the mountain face should be carved a colossal head of General Robert Lee, the famous, beloved leader of the Confederate States.

### Great Wall of Granite

The South ladies watched Mr. Borglum, fearful lest he should find the idea foolish. He looked at the great natural wall of granite—about a thousand feet high and half a mile long, and said that a head alone was no good there. It would look stupid. Then he proposed something that seemed to them very wonderful. On that mountain he would carve, not only General Lee, but groups representing the whole Southern Army.

Before anything could be done the war touched America, and the idea of the memorial was suspended; not until last year was anything done. Then the first hole was drilled in the side of Stone Mountain.

### Plan Takes Shape

Since then Mr. Borglum and his helpers have worked what seems a miracle. It took six months to clean away the granite round the leader's head. In December the sculptor started on the actual chiselling, and already the first part of the memorial is finished—the head of General Lee, covering an area about thirty feet square. This it was that Mrs. Plane unveiled the other day, in a dream of delight at seeing her plan taking shape.

This is just the beginning of the biggest war memorial the world has ever known. There will be statues of famous leaders of the South, and groups of soldiers as a background. No one, seeing it, will ever be able to forget the song "When men were marching through Georgia!" Picture on page 7



# IS THE LION-HEART IN LONDON?

## RICHARD COEUR DE LION

### The Stone that May Conceal His Famous Casket

### A BABY BLOWN ON TO A CHURCH TOWER

This grey old Church by Tower Hill Claims Richard's heart and your goodwill. This is an inscription which can be read outside the church of All Hallows Barking, near the Tower of London, and records an old tradition that the heart of Richard the First lies buried in the church, enclosed in a casket. A new discovery has revived the tradition, and when a slab of stone has been removed, as it will be soon, it is hoped to find the casket with the crusading king's heart inside. If it is found it will be a thrilling discovery, for Richard is one of our most romantic monarchs, and his adventures in the third Crusade appeal to the imagination of every boy. It was not without reason that Sir Walter Scott made him one of the heroes of Ivanhoe.

### Church with a Curious Name

The church of All Hallows was founded by the nuns of Barking Abbey in Essex, hence its curious name; and though it had a narrow escape it survived the Great Fire of London. Richard founded a chapel of Our Lady on the north side of the church, and it is said that when he received his mortal wound at the siege of the Castle of Chalus, near Limoges, in France, in 1199, his heart, after his death, was placed in a casket, carried to London, and buried beneath the altar in his chapel at All Hallows.

There is much mystery about this heart of the lion-hearted king, for according to one account when he lay dying, after he had forgiven the man, Bertrand de Gourdon, who fired the fatal shot from the castle ramparts, he said to his followers, "Take my heart to Rouen, and let my body lie at my father's feet in the abbey of Fontevrault."

### A Problem Awaiting Settlement

That the body was buried in Fontevrault Abbey there seems no reason to doubt, but whether the heart was taken to Rouen, as the people of Rouen believe, or to London and placed in the church of All Hallows Barking, as has been declared by tradition for over seven centuries, is a matter that has never been definitely settled. Now, within the next week or two, the missing heart may actually be found.

A stone has just been found in the pavement of the chapel, very time-worn, but with incised markings which lead to the belief that it was at one time an altar stone in the original chapel of Richard. Though most of the markings have been worn away by the feet of worshippers, there is still visible in the centre of the stone a cross similar to those usually cut in such altar slabs. The removal of the stone will, it is hoped, reveal the casket with the king's heart.

### Famous Place of Pilgrimage

All Hallows Barking is one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in London for American visitors, for it was in this church that William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was baptised, and here that John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States, was married. Archbishop Laud was buried in the graveyard in 1645 after his execution on Tower Hill, but the body was dug up 18 years after and removed to the chapel of St. John's College, Oxford.

An extraordinary incident occurred here in 1649 when the church was much injured by an explosion of 27

# SHIPS CAUGHT IN BALTIC ICE

## The Terrible Grip of the Arctic Floes

## NANSEN'S DRIFT ROUND THE POLE

Several ships have lately been crushed in the ice of the frozen Baltic. It is a sign of how late and cold the winter has been in the Northern countries; but it is also a reminder of the terribly dangerous expansion of ice when it freezes in ice-locked seas. Everyone knows that when water freezes it expands; the burst water-pipes in a long continued frost are familiar to all. But only in frozen seas is the full meaning of the pressure of the ice realised. When Dr. Nansen attempted to drift round the Pole, he had his ship, the Fram, specially built to resist the pressures it would have to meet, and he has described what happened when the ice closed round.

First they heard a crunch and a moan, which became a grumble and a snarl; and after that the noise grew till it was like the pipes of an organ. The noise became deafening, and the whole ship shook, but presently the stoutly-built Fram, squeezed like an orange pip between two mighty fingers of the floes, was lifted up as if she had been a feather. She rose several feet, and some hours later she broke through the ice beneath her.

This was many times repeated during the voyage, and Nansen says that it occurred with such regularity as to make him believe the pressure increased and relaxed again with the tides. He also says that if the ship had not been so strongly built to resist the pressure, it must have been crushed like an egg-shell.

Picture on page one

# HOW ELEPHANTS DIE

## Hunter's Discovery in a Hollow

Commenting on an account by Mr. J. G. Dallison, of Lagos, of an amazing sepulchre to which aged elephants retire to die in Africa, a Glasgow reader says he has spent years among the great lakes of Africa and in various elephant districts, but never heard of Mr. Dallison's theory before.

I have myself (he says) come upon an elephant that could not have been dead more than a day, and I have developed plates of a photograph of a dead elephant which Major Pretorius discovered in the Zambesi valley.

Mr. F. C. Selous related to me in conversation how, north of New Langenberg, he came upon two elephants, an old bull and a three-quarter grown cow, in a craggy-sided hollow into which they had fallen, and from which they had been unable to climb out again. They were in an emaciated condition, and Selous in mercy shot them. On descending into the valley to secure the tusks he was surprised to find the bones of several elephants.

It is quite possible that some such incident may have given rise to the tradition described by Mr. Dallison.

Continued from the previous column

barrels of gunpowder at a ship-chandler's. Strype thus tells the story.

Over against the wall of Barking churchyard a sad and lamentable accident befell.

One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, upon the 4th January, 1649, about seven of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barrelling up of gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up all the houses thereabouts.

The next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking Church a young child lying in a cradle, as newly laid in bed, neither the child or cradle having the least sign of any fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial; for in the year 1666 I saw the child grown to be then a proper maiden.

It is an odd story, but scarcely less strange than the finding of Richard's heart, should that discovery come about.

# C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

## How Big is Cuba?

It is 44,164 square miles, or about 6700 square miles less than England.

## What Causes a Herring to Glow in the Dark?

It is the phosphorus in it, an element which appears luminous in the dark.

## What is Real Estate?

Landed property, including all estates and interests in lands, which are held for life, not for years, however many.

## Why is New Bread Indigestible?

Because it is so full of moisture, which makes it difficult to chew and at the same time prevents it from soaking up the saliva.

## Who Was the Mother of David?

Her name is not known as it is not mentioned in the Bible. That it was Nahash does not appear to be in accordance with the facts given.

## What is the Meaning of Anzac?

This is a compact name for the Australian and New Zealand troops who fought in the war, made up of the initials of the words Australian New Zealand Army Corps.

## What is the Origin of the Name Huguenot?

Skeat says it is named from some person of the name of Huguenot, doubtless conspicuous as a reformer. It is a diminutive form of the name Hugh, which means a thoughtful man.

## How Does the Sun Get Its Heat?

The Sun is constantly shrinking, and as in the process its parts strike each other, their motion is stopped and changed into heat and light. Probably also the Sun is kept hot by radium in it.

## What Are Gilt-Edged Securities?

This phrase was introduced in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when so many investments proved worthless; to describe investments in which little or no risk is incurred. The reference is to the gilding of the leaf-edges of valuable books.

## Why is the Bank Called the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street?

The Bank of England, situated in Threadneedle Street, London, is so called from a caricature by Gilray, dated 1797, which he called The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in Danger. It referred to the temporary stopping of cash payments in 1797.

## What is the Origin of the Lion and Unicorn on the Royal Arms?

The lion and the unicorn are the supporters of the Royal Arms. The lion is the lion of England, introduced into the Royal Arms of England by William the Conqueror from the arms of his Norman Duchy. The unicorn is one of the two unicorn supporters of Scotland, introduced by James the First.

## Why Will Not Mistletoe Grow in the Soil?

For the same reason that seaweed will not grow on a mountain top or fish live out of water, the soil is not its natural sphere. Mistletoe is a parasite which is able to draw its nourishment, not directly from the soil, but indirectly from another plant. How it came to be like this is one of the problems of evolution.

## What Does it Mean to Set the Thames on Fire?

The phrase "He will never set the Thames on fire" means that he will never make any great figure in the world. Most nations have the same phrase adapted to one of their own rivers, like the French "He will never set the Seine on fire." The origin was the selection of the most unlikely thing as a comparison, the setting on fire of water.

## When Should Goats be Fed and Milked?

In summer food should be given at about seven a.m., eleven a.m., three p.m., and eight p.m. In winter at eight a.m., noon, four p.m., and eight p.m. Milking for the first three months in milk should be at seven a.m., one p.m., and seven p.m. Afterwards two milkings daily at seven a.m. and seven p.m., and when only a pint is given in 24 hours, milk only once—in the morning. For foods and methods see The Book of the Goat, by Henry S. H. Pegler, published by Upcott Gill.

## Does the Human Body Entirely Change Every Seven Years?

Sir Charles Bell, the famous professor of surgery, once wrote: "Is it not surprising that an individual should in the course of a few days change every particle of his solid fabric; that he whom we suppose we saw is, so far as his body is concerned, a perfectly different person from him whom we now see? And yet if there be anything truly established in physiology, if there be truth in the science at all, that fact is incontrovertible." So that in seven years the body has changed many times.

# GOLDEN ARCTURUS

## BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE EASTERN SKY

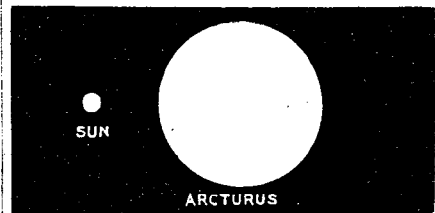
## The Meaning of a Second of Arc MEASURING A POINT OF LIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The golden Arcturus is now a prominent stellar gem high in the eastern heavens of an evening.

He is the brightest and most striking of all the stars in that part of the sky, and there should be no difficulty in identifying him. His golden hue and steady planetary lustre, together with the fact that he is the first very bright star to the east of the Great Bear's Tail, or the Plough, will remove all doubt.

Arcturus is of supreme interest because so much is known about him. His immensity was for long estimated from the enormous amount of light that he radiates into space, about 142 times that of our Sun. But in 1921 astrono-



Relative sizes of the Sun and Arcturus

mers succeeded in actually measuring Arcturus by means of the interferometer apparatus attached to the great 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory.

There it has been found that Arcturus is 0.024 of a second of arc in width. Visually this is an infinitesimal amount, less than one-fortieth of a second of arc, and too small for perception or measurement even in most powerful telescopes.

To realise what it amounts to let us understand what a second of arc is.

A threepenny-piece seen a mile away appears approximately two seconds of arc wide, so a second of arc is only half of this, and represents a line barely a third of an inch long.

The apparent width of the Moon seen with the naked eye is quite small, yet there are about 1850 seconds of arc in an imaginary line drawn across her disc—rather more when she is near us, and less when farther off and she appears smaller.

So we see that this second of arc measurement is all a matter of appearance, and counts for no more, unless the distance of the object is known; then, if this is obtained accurately, it is possible to give with great exactitude the size of the object.

## Star 19 Million Miles Across

Now, the apparent size of Arcturus being found to be 0.024 of a second of arc, we learn that his disc appears about an eighth the diameter of a pin's head seen about a mile away. This, even in the most powerful telescopes, is but a point of light.

It has been found possible to measure this minute amount by the interferometer method with great accuracy; therefore, with the star's distance also known, it is found to be about nineteen million miles wide. Further, we know that we have in Arcturus an immense gaseous globe of fiery elements, twenty-two times the width of our Sun.

As the Sun is 109 times the width of our Earth and 1,300,000 times the size, we thus get some idea of the size of Arcturus. His light takes 43 years to reach us; he is, therefore, 2,825,000 times as far off as our Sun. But, were he as near to us, we should behold an immense disc in the sky large enough to cover completely the four stars forming the irregular "square" of the Plough. But, with over a hundred times the heat, we should probably prefer Arcturus where he is now. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. Mars rises about 2.30 a.m., Jupiter about midnight, Saturn about 7.30 p.m.; while Venus is the Evening Star in the west, and Mercury is also there.



# EAGLE FEATHER

## A Tale of White Men Among the Red Men

Set down by  
John Halden

### What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

### CHAPTER 13

#### David's Trick

HAVING got what he wanted, the attention of the Indians, David now repeated his performance with variations. He stood on his head and waggled his legs in the air. He moo-ed like a cow.

The Indians, their eyes almost bulging out of their heads in bewilderment, forgot themselves and came completely out of their ambush, bows trailing and forgotten, tomahawks hanging loosely at their belts. What to make of it they did not know. This was not proper behaviour for a man about to be killed. There must be, they argued, more in it than appeared to the eye.

Then, with a quick movement of his arm, David caught up the Indian knife that lay on the log beside the half-cleaned fish. He drew himself to his full height, looked solemnly and haughtily round at the intent faces of the Redskins, and, right under their watching eyes, he swallowed the knife!

That is to say, of course, he appeared to swallow it. It was a sleight-of-hand trick he had often practised.

But every Redskin there was convinced he had actually swallowed it. For had they not watched his every movement? Their mouths dropped open. They stood transfixed before him.

Then, with a dramatic movement, David produced the knife again from the region of his stomach. Under the popping eyes of the Indians he seemed to draw it through the flesh, through his deerskin tunic, point first, to speed swiftly through the air and stick quivering in the log beside the fish!

With a wild yell of terror, the Indians plunged headlong back through the underbrush. The fear-inspiring thought "Medicine man!" was in every mind. They were perfectly certain that if they did not get quickly out of the way this terrible white man would beckon toward the blue sky, and out of it would come a thunderbolt to blast them where they stood!

So it happened that the astonished David found himself, in the space of three seconds, absolutely alone in the middle of the clearing. He heard the snapping of branches and the rustling of leaves as the Indians fled. He knew these were sounds no Indian would allow himself to make if he had not been overcome by terror.

"Well, I never," muttered David to himself, as, a trifle unnerved by his sudden escape from death, he sat down on a log to think.

In the wood beside him the knife still stuck after its flight through the air. That same knife might have been used to scalp him.

"But what made them run?" David wrinkled his brow, then suddenly remembered the words "Medicine man!" that had come to him from the fleeing Indians.

In spite of his dangerous situation, David burst into a roar of laughter. He had gone through this little vaudeville show in the hope of diverting the Redskins' attention, without a very clear idea of what he should do afterwards. But the thing had succeeded beyond his greatest hopes.

"They'll give me a wide berth next time they meet me, the superstitious varmints!" he said to himself, still laughing.

The Indian was very brave. This sounds odd after the headlong flight of twenty braves from a single boy. But it is true. The Indian feared nothing, not torture, not death, and no man.

But there was one exception. The Indian feared no man except

the medicine man—the man who had, according to their superstitions, allied himself with evil spirits and had them at his command.

For, like all savages, the Indian was very superstitious. Every tribe had its medicine men, who were called in in times of sickness or famine or trouble. They dressed themselves up in fantastic garments, performed a sacred dance, had sacred rattles and drums and herbs and poisons—all this to impress the people.

David chuckled again as he thought of it all.

"It's a good thing for me that they are superstitious, for now I shall have a good night's rest," he thought, looking about for a suitable place to erect a shelter.

The clearing seemed as good a place as any. David had suddenly realised that he was very tired. He had walked since early dawn with scarcely a step, and the two narrow escapes from death in the last half hour had brought their own reaction.

The half-cleaned fish the Indians had left on the log beside him suggested that there must be a stream near by, and, with a little search, he found it. There were also three fine trout lying on the bank and some Indian corn bread.

"They must have been getting their supper when they heard my gun," thought David, remembering how he had shot the cougar a few steps from there. It seemed hours ago.

"I call this luck," he chuckled, with a satirical grin, glancing in the direction of the Indians' flight. "I'll have the Redskins' supper."

He found the heap of brush, not yet lighted, that the Indians had collected for their fire, and struck a flint to light it.

Ordinarily he would not have done this, for it was important that his journey should be kept secret, and the smoke of a fire would have betrayed him. But in his new capacity as medicine man they would never dare molest him, lest he call down famine and fire from heaven upon them.

So he contentedly cooked the Indians' fish, and ate their corn-bread, supplemented with the remaining delicacies provided by Nancy.

"I couldn't have fared better if I'd stayed at home," he thought, remembering how he had expected to subsist on dry jerky and water from chance streams.

By the time he had had his supper the forest had become shadowy. It was necessary to collect some branches and leaves for a little lean-to shelter and bed for the night.

So he built his shelter, and this is the way he did it.

He had made his fire of the Indians' brush near the big fallen log on which the knife and fish had lain. This log he meant to serve him as back wall to his shelter. About six feet from the log he stuck two forked branches in the earth, with a cross-pole between them. More poles laid from this to the log made a down-sloping roof. Over this he laid bark to shed the water if it should rain during the night.

The sloping roof he also intended to reflect down the heat of the fire, for the nights were growing chill. Then he gathered armfuls of dry leaves and the thick grey moss that hung from certain trees, and with them made a bed close to the embers of his fire. A few thickly-leaved branches at the side completed a warm, cosy little hut.

But before he lay down he made a peculiar preparation against the possible return of the Indians.

He took the knife that the Redskins believed they had seen him swallow, and he fastened it upright to the ridge-pole of his shelter. It glittered faintly in the light of the young Moon.

"Once they see that," chuckled David, "they will not dare to enter the hut of the medicine man."

And, still smiling broadly at the escapade that had turned out so absurdly after nearly costing him his life, David curled himself up comfortably on his thick bed of moss and leaves, and was instantly asleep.

### CHAPTER 14

#### The Indian Lad

THE very first faint streaks of dawn roused David. He rose, and, pausing only long enough to wash in the stream and take his bearings with the aid of the light in the east and the last paling stars, he started off again.

He chewed at a tough piece of jerky by way of breakfast en route, for there was no daylight to be lost. He felt fairly certain that he was going in the general direction, at least, of Cornstalk's camp. The sky gave him sure signs of east and west, and certain trees served him as a compass. These trees in the deep forest have a streak of green moss on the north side of their trunks.

So he travelled on swiftly and gaily, singing softly to himself. Since his experience of the night before he had become far less cautious about the Indians.

He had left the "medicine" knife still upright in the roof of his last night's shelter. If the Indians should come prowling round to see what had become of him, they would find that glittering knife like a challenge, and know by the fact that he had not bothered to obliterate the traces of his camp that he was not afraid of them.

David chuckled again, not knowing that his reputation as a medicine man was going to prove a real danger to him later.

As he glided along on his deerskin moccasins he thought of Daniel Boone, the greatest scout that ever lived, his friend and teacher. Boone, in his usual kindly fashion, had taught David all he knew about the great book of the wilderness.

David was not what we should call an educated boy. He had had at most only two or three years of schooling. Printed words of more than two syllables he had to spell out carefully. He could only do the simplest sums, and his grammar was not always pure.

David, according to our standards, was uneducated, but not nearly so uneducated as we should be if we had suddenly to live his life of danger and hardship.

He knew all about woodcraft and horses and cattle. He could keep himself alive for months in the wilderness, with nothing except a handful of powder and shot. He could make himself clothes from what the forest provided. He could make shoes from deerskin, sewed together with narrow strips of

leather threaded through holes made with his knife.

He knew all the kinds of birds. He knew their language, too. Many times they had warned him of danger by a special sort of twittering that he recognised.

Just now, as he strode along toward Cornstalk's camp, he heard the gobble-gobble of a turkey a few feet away. He would have liked to shoot it and have fresh fowl for dinner. But he shook his head. There was no time for luxuries.

He had come to a stream about eight feet across, and fairly deep. David stopped and looked at it for a moment. It seemed a bother to take off his moccasins and turn up the bottom of his fringed trousers to wade it, so he decided to jump, though the other side was marshy. So, after taking a few steps backward, he leaped and landed with a splash on the opposite bank.

Then some instinct made him turn. On a rotting log near by an enormous moccasin snake had been sunning itself. The bite of this snake leads to a very painful death, as David knew.

The great ugly painted head swayed backward to strike.

But David was quicker than the snake. His hand slipped down along the barrel of his rifle like a flash, and, using the heavy butt as a club, he swung the full five feet of the gun through the air, catching the ugly reptile on the head and sending it, stunned, some distance off.

David killed the snake with his hunting knife, then hesitated a moment about skinning it. It would take a little time, and he did not want to waste a moment.

Yet, on the other hand, it was the biggest moccasin he had ever seen. It stretched to nearly two yards in length, beautifully coloured and evidently of great age.

"I reckon you were the king of your tribe, old fellow," said David. He decided to keep the snake skin.

With practised hands he slit it up and scraped it clean. It would make a beautiful trophy to hang on the walls of his room when they had got to Boonesborough, he thought.

He was just finishing when there was a slight clicking sound behind him that his trained ears told him instantly came from the trigger of a musket.

Without turning round, his hand stole out to pick up his own rifle that lay beside him. Then, with a whirling turn, he faced the sound, rifle at his shoulder.

On the opposite side of the stream stood an Indian boy of about his own age. He, too, had a gun at his shoulder, and was looking curiously across it at David.

Some impulse made David slip his hand ostentatiously away from the trigger of his gun, though he kept it at his shoulder, ready to fire. The Indian boy did the same.

A truce thus declared, David examined the newcomer. He looked about seventeen, and the ornaments that he wore showed that he was the son of a chief. Besides, an Indian youth of that age would not be likely to have one of the precious rifles unless he was of some special consequence in the tribe.

David noted the straight shining black hair, braided in a scalplock at the top of the head, and wound with bead ornaments. The upper part of his body was bare, and not heavily painted.

Evidently he was out by himself on a hunting expedition. Over the barrel of his gun the black eyes watched intently.

David's blue eyes met them, and the English boy made his decision. He dropped his rifle to the ground.

As his instinct had told him, the Indian boy dropped his own gun instantly.

Now, his hands free, David could talk in the sign language, a sort of deaf and dumb speech that all the tribes of Indians knew, whatever their native dialect.

But the Indian boy across the stream grinned, showing a line of friendly white teeth.

"Spik Engleesh!" he said.

TO BE CONTINUED

### Five-Minute Story

## The Mascot

THE Buttercup Patrol was in distress, for the company's mascot, a mischievous terrier named Buff, was missing.

"The worst of it is the whistle will sound for tea in a few minutes, and we shall lose points for being late," said Peggy.

"No; the worst of it is that this is the wood of that cross old Sir Somebody, and he's most terribly down on trespassers," cried Pamela. "Look at all the notice-boards about trespassers. The captain said we must take care not to annoy him because he hates the farmer to lend us the meadow for camping, and he might forbid him to let us have it again."

"Well, we must look for Buff; he might be in a trap," said Marjory, and she marched into the wood followed by the others, calling "Buff! Buff!"

A short, delighted bark was the only answer, and Buff was evidently enjoying good sport.

"Don't call too loudly, a keeper might hear us," cautioned Marjory. "He's over there."

They crept from the trees into an open glade right into the arms of the cantankerous Sir Somebody, who went purple with rage at the sight of eight trespassers in the forbidden wood.

"What does that mean, if you please, young ladies?" he roared, pointing with his stick to a large notice-board.

"We're very sorry," explained Marjory timidly, "but, you see, our dog Buff is lost in the wood, and we must find him."

"What! A strange dog in the wood! Do you know that there is game preserved here? I've lost enough young birds, thanks to poachers and rats, without your wretched dog rushing round disturbing the game. I told Jackson how it would end if he turned the meadow into a playground for mischievous young people!"

It was all up. This tyrannical Sir Somebody meant to prevent the farmer ever lending the meadow again—all through the mischievous Buff.

"Where is the dog?"

A series of rapturous barks answered the question, and the old gentleman strode off to a clearing, followed by the trembling trespassers.

Then they saw the culprit. He was barking uproariously, and round him were spread out his victims—seven large rats.

Sir Somebody's frowns turned to smiles. Rats were the young pheasants' greatest enemies, and if Buff could despatch seven of these creatures so swiftly he was a trespasser to be encouraged.

The tyrant glanced at their emblem, tore a leaf out of a note-book, and, when he had written on it, actually presented it to Marjory with a bow.

On it was written: "The Buttercup Patrol and the dog Buff have permission to enter these woods."

The Patrol is wondering what badge should be awarded to Buff.

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This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words which any child can understand are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. With CHICKS' OWN children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday

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# The Daffodils are Here Again



## Dr. MERRYMAN

THE bore was relating his experiences in Switzerland to a number of uninterested people.

"There I stood, friends," he said, after talking steadily for an hour, "with the mighty abyss yawning in front of me."

"Pardon my interrupting you," said one of his unfortunate listeners, "but do you mind telling us whether that abyss was yawning before you got there?"

### A Puzzle in Rhyme

WHEN you from school at noon return,  
Wherever it may be,  
Just turn your face towards the Sun;

My first you then will see.  
The white-sailed fleets, their course to run,

Must on my second sail,  
Bearing their freights of merchandise

'Mid storm or gentle gale.  
When standing by the river bank  
The water there I eyed,

And, stooping down, and eager drunk,  
My third I soon espied.

If English history you will search,  
My whole you then will find,  
A swindling, empty project,  
Or something of the kind!

Answer next week

### Is Your Name Lucas?

NAMES like Lucas, Lucock, Luck-ins, Luckett, and Luckock are all derived from the Christian name Luke, which, like other Bible names, was, in the old days, very popular as a Christian name, and gradually developed into the surnames mentioned.

WHAT is it that we often catch yet never see? A passing remark.

### Queries

I CANNOT understand a lot  
Of things I have to learn;  
For if the Sun is really hot,  
How is it we don't burn?  
Nor do I understand at all  
Why "pinks" are sometimes white;  
And if the Earth is like a ball,  
How can we stand upright?

### A Puzzle Letter



These pictures represent a letter from one boy to another. Can you read it?

Solution next week

WHAT spur do we use to make time go faster?  
The spur of the moment.

### The Race of Life

AN Irishman was asked if he were older than his brother.  
"Well, yes," he replied, "but if my brother lives another five years he will be as old as me."

WHY are soldiers always tired on the first of April?  
Because they have just had a March of 31 days.

### Too Many Ladders



THE Cautious Brownie: "Don't forget, my friend, that it's supposed to be unlucky to pass under a ladder."

The Careless Fly: "Yes; and I'm afraid that in my case it has been just as unlucky to pass over these ladders!"

### A Polite Request

A SHOPKEEPER in a small American town had great difficulty in collecting debts from his customers, so he put up this notice in his shop:

Man is made of dust.  
Dust settles.  
Be a man!

### A Charade

WHEN frost and snow o'erspread the ground,  
And chilly blows the air,  
My first is felt upon the cheek  
Of ladies bright and fair.  
In Earth's cold bosom lies my next,  
An object most forlorn!  
For often cruelly it is used,  
And trampled on with scorn.  
Amid the dismal shades of night  
My whole is bright and gay;  
Though dark and gloomy it appears  
Exposed to open day.

Answer next week

### Tact

MANY years ago a great landowner was giving a dinner to some of the tenants of his estate. Sitting next to him was an old farmer who, during the meal, helped himself to a large mouthful of ice-cream. When he had regained his breath he exclaimed:

"Why, this pudding's froze!"  
The tactful host tasted a small piece of the ice-cream, and then, assuming an expression of astonishment, said:  
"Great Scott! So it is!"

### Springtime

SPRING is coming! Pink with blushes  
Glow the hedges and the glen;  
Snowdrops stir, and singing thrushes  
Join the robin and the wren.  
Green and glad is everything—  
Welcome! welcome! sunny Spring!

WHEN is a clock on the stairs very dangerous?  
When it runs down and strikes one.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES  
What Am I? Sleep

### A Riddle in Rhyme

Southampton  
That That  
That that is, is, that that is; not that that is not.  
I think that that "that" that that man used was incorrect.

### Who Was He?

The Pirate Scientist was William Dampier.

## Jacko Helps Aunt Matilda

JACKO really enjoyed the first few days with Aunt Matilda. The old lady made no end of a fuss of him.

"You're just like your dear father when he was a boy," she would say, patting his head. And then she would unlock her store cupboard and give him a jam tart.

"For you're a growing boy, my dear," she would declare, "and need plenty of nourishment."

And Jacko, with his mouth full, quite agreed.

There was one fly in the ointment, however. Aunt Matilda was far too interested in everything that went on in the village, and Jacko never knew what he was going to be let in for next.

One evening, when they were playing Halma, the old lady suddenly dropped her glasses and exclaimed:

"Dear me! There's the school treat tomorrow!"

And Jacko found, to his horror, that all the children in the village were coming to tea in Aunt Matilda's orchard the very next afternoon!

"I'm so glad you're here, my dear," said his aunt. "You'll be the greatest help to me, and I shall look to you to teach the children games and keep them happy."

Jacko could hardly think of a single thing he hated more.

The next morning was like a nightmare. Everybody was spreading bread-and-butter, or cutting up cake, or counting cups and saucers. Jacko found he was expected to carry heavy trays or help the gardener put up trestle tables and swings. And by the time the afternoon came he was in a thoroughly bad temper.

When all the children trooped in he nearly turned tail and fled. But there was Aunt Matilda to be reckoned with. And Aunt Matilda told him to start a game of Nuts in May.



"I've done it now!" said Jacko. "I'm off."

Jacko hated it. After Nuts in May they played Ring a Ring o' Roses, which was even worse. And when somebody suggested Kiss in the Ring, Jacko made off as fast as his two legs would carry him.

"I've never had such a depressing afternoon in my life!" he said, indignantly.

He felt better after he'd had some tea. Then he wandered down to the swings.

"Here, I'll swing you," he said, picking up a small child.

He did, too. Faster and faster, and higher and higher, went the swing, till, with one terrific heave, up it bounded into the branches of the tree—and stayed there!

"Coo! I've done it now!" said Jacko. "I'm off!"

He rushed out of the orchard, leaving a frightful hullabaloo behind him. The child—luckily, it was safe enough among the branches—was screaming for all it was worth; and everybody was talking at the same time and shouting for ladders to fetch the poor lamb down.

Nothing more was seen of Jacko that afternoon. And not till the school treat was over did he dare to creep out of the asparagus bed where he had hidden himself.

## Ici on Parle Francais



Le terrain Le matelot Le sifflet

Ce terrain donne une bonne récolte  
Le matelot s'embarquera ce soir  
Un coup de sifflet m'avertira



Une aile Le paysan Le joyau

L'aile de l'oiseau sert à voler  
J'admire le costume de ce paysan  
Ce beau joyau sert à la parure

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1924	1923
London	8481..9147..	8604..5202
Glasgow	2575..2694..	2144..1464
Birmingham	1778..1865..	1335..1046
Leeds	1039..982..	1014..604
Belfast	977..1035..	889..559
Edinburgh	852..913..	605..671
Nottingham	825..881..	923..680
Sunderland	440..416..	366..263
Plymouth	395..395..	432..253
Cardiff	365..518..	347..261
Norwich	227..247..	191..139
Chester	67..58..	51..41

The five weeks are up to March 1, 1924

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Wild Daffodils

MARGOT and Peggy and John were sitting on a fallen log, with three empty baskets in front of them.

"Not a single one; it's too bad!" sighed Margot.

"Aunt Fanny said there were thousands of wild daffodils in the New Forest; but I can't go on—my legs ache dreadfully!" cried Peggy.

The rough March wind was very tiring, and the children had walked miles looking for daffodils to send to their little sister, Daffodil, who was ill in London.

"Let's eat our lunch now," suggested John.

Aunt Fanny knew that hunting for daffodils in the March wind is tiring and hungry work, and she had given them chicken sandwiches, three large, jammy raspberry puffs, and three juicy oranges for lunch.

They had just finished the sandwiches when three ragged little girls came out of the wood and stood before the children, staring curiously.

"They're gipsy children!" cried Margot. "Aunt Fanny says they live in funny little tents among the holly-trees. They look hungry. Wouldn't they love a jam puff!"

"But I'm hungry, too!" objected Peggy.

"Don't be greedy! You have lots of puffs, and I don't see how gipsy mothers can make puffs without ovens."

"I'm not greedy. I only said I was hungry. But you can give them my puff."

The three little girls could hardly believe their eyes when Margot held out the puffs.



Three ragged little girls

They ate them with such enjoyment that John said: "Let's give them the oranges, too."

Margot and Peggy sighed. They were so thirsty. But the oranges went into three ragged little pockets.

Then the eldest gipsy girl pointed behind her, and said: "Flowers over there, lady."

"Oh, where? Do show us!" cried the children.

The little girl led them down lanes and over banks until suddenly they came upon a wood full of golden daffodils.

When Daffodil received a boxful of her name flowers the next day she liked them all the better because real gipsy girls had helped to pick them.



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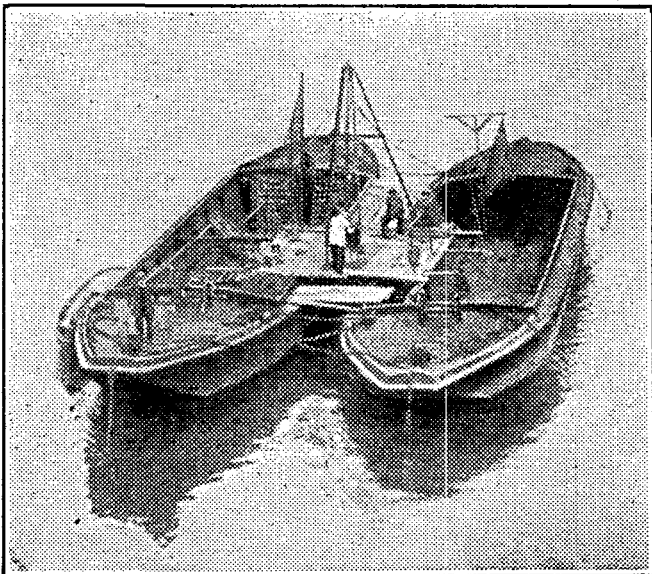
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 29, 1924

Every Thursday, 2d.

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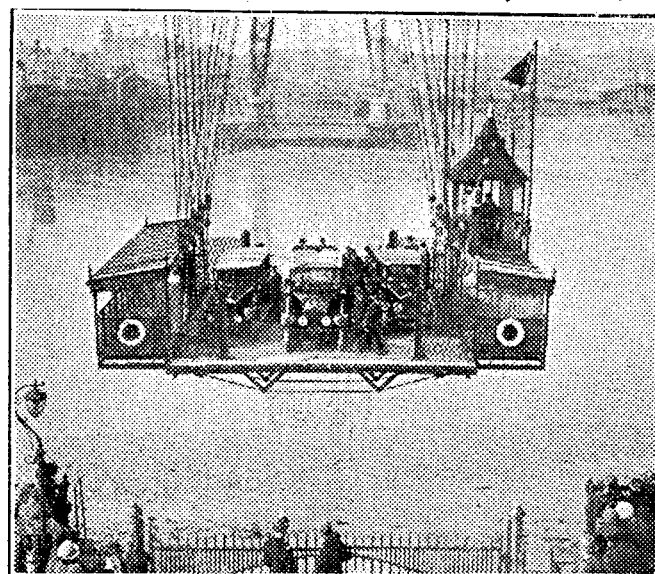
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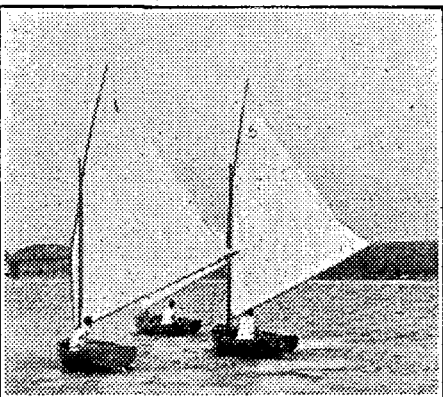
**Beginning of a New London Tube**—A new tube railway is to be made under the Thames, linking up the Hampstead and the City and South London Railways; and here we see the workmen on two barges in the middle of the Thames making some preliminary borings as tests



**The Lost Man**—This is a portrait of the dumb man found on the battlefield of Piave, in Italy, whose sad story was told in the C.N. recently



**The New Transporter Bridge at Newport**—The fine new transporter bridge which crosses the River Usk at Newport, Monmouthshire, making its opening trip with the Duke of York, who had inaugurated the bridge, and his party on board. The bridge is a triumph of engineering



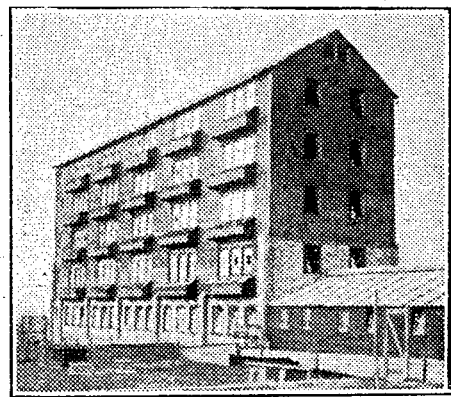
**Sailing at Oxford**—The start of the opening race of the Oxford University Sailing Club on the Thames. The conditions were excellent



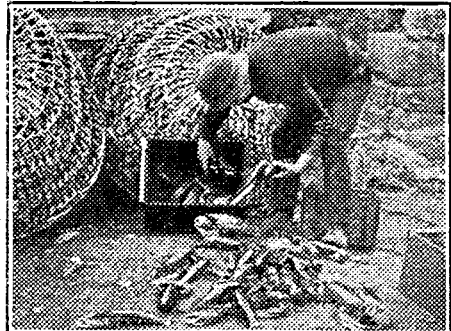
**A Boat of 4000 Years Ago**—A boat of the Stone Age, which has been found near the Swate Channel, in Kent, and is now in Rochester Museum. Its discovery has aroused very great interest



**The Caliph and His Daughter, Who Reads the C.N.**—This photograph, which was taken at Territet, in Switzerland, shows the deposed Caliph, Abdul Mejid, with his son and little daughter, who is a regular reader of the C.N. and the Children's Encyclopedia. The party was snapshotted by the photographer while taking a stroll



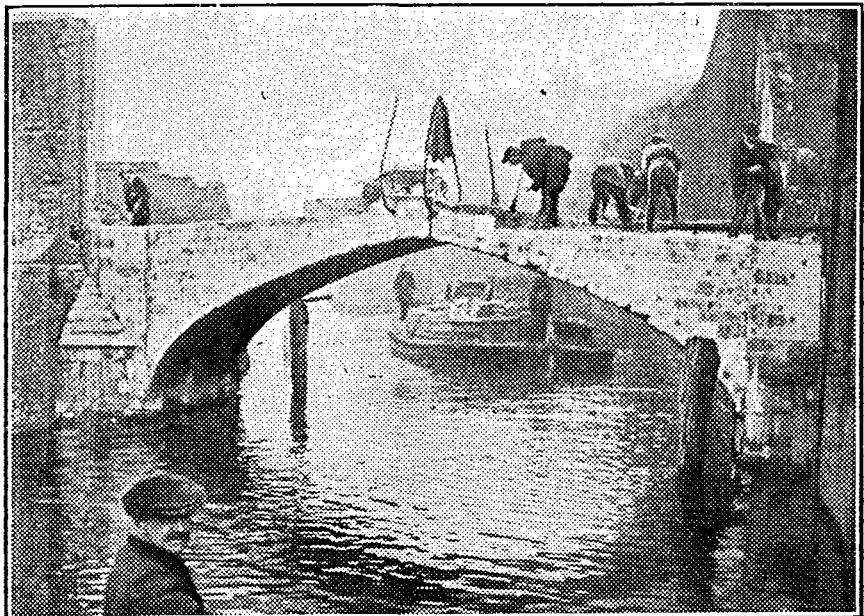
**World's Biggest Poultry House**—This building on Paxton Hill, Huntingdonshire, is said to be the biggest poultry house in the world



**The Lobster Season Begins**—The Cornish lobster season has just opened; and this fisherman is clearing the pots in which the lobsters are caught, and is packing them for London



**England Defeats America at Hockey**—In this hockey match at Merton, near London, in which English ladies played against American ladies, England beat America by 17 goals to one, the home team showing fine form and having the best of the play all through the game



**Moving a Bridge Stone by Stone**—Owing to river widening at Norwich, the old Whitefriars Bridge, dating back to the fifteenth century, is being taken down stone by stone for re-erection at a more convenient spot. Each stone is numbered before removal so that it can be replaced

## THE NATION THAT WAS LOST AND IS FOUND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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